



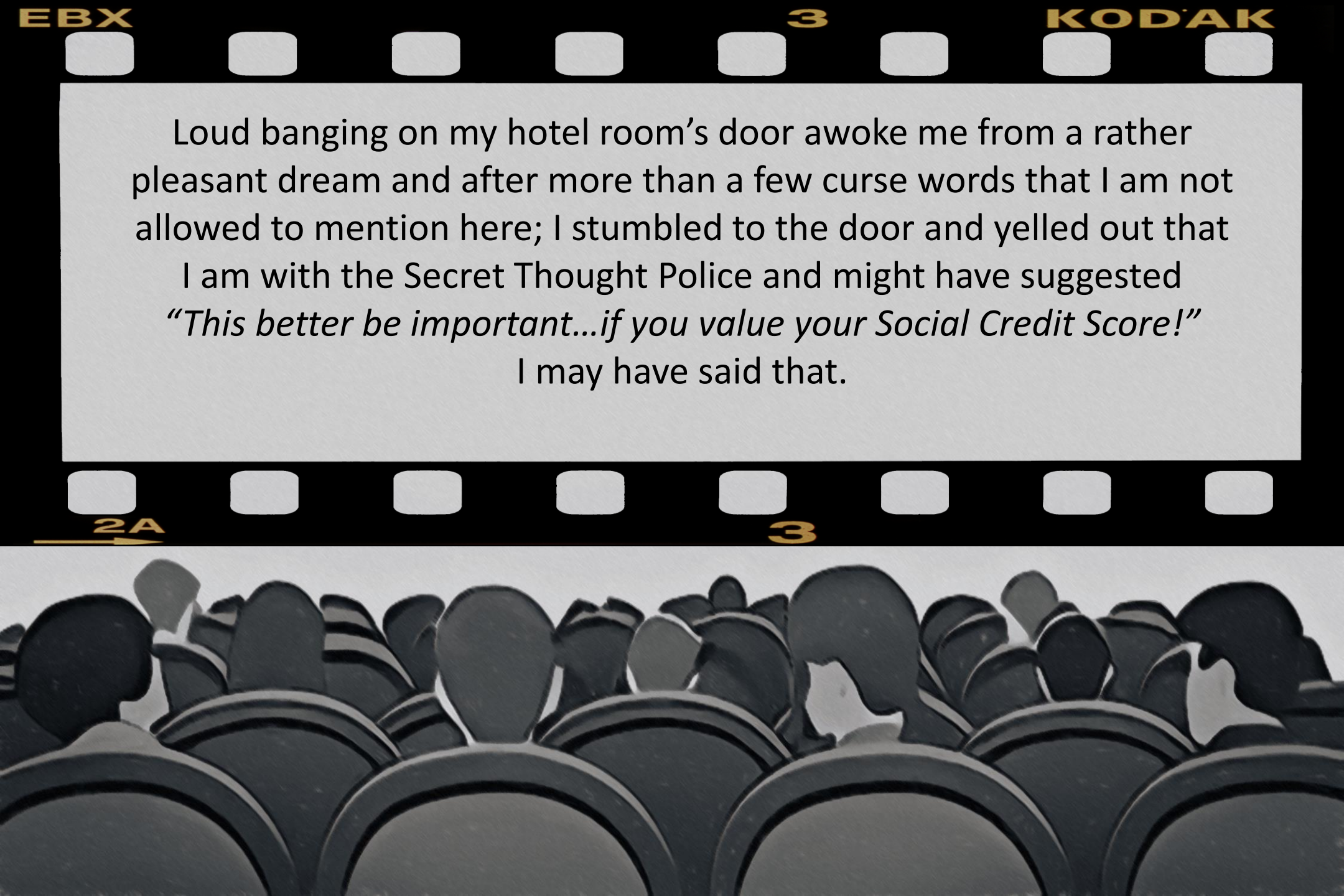
"Nobody Gets Out of Here Alive!"

HOBOTOURS

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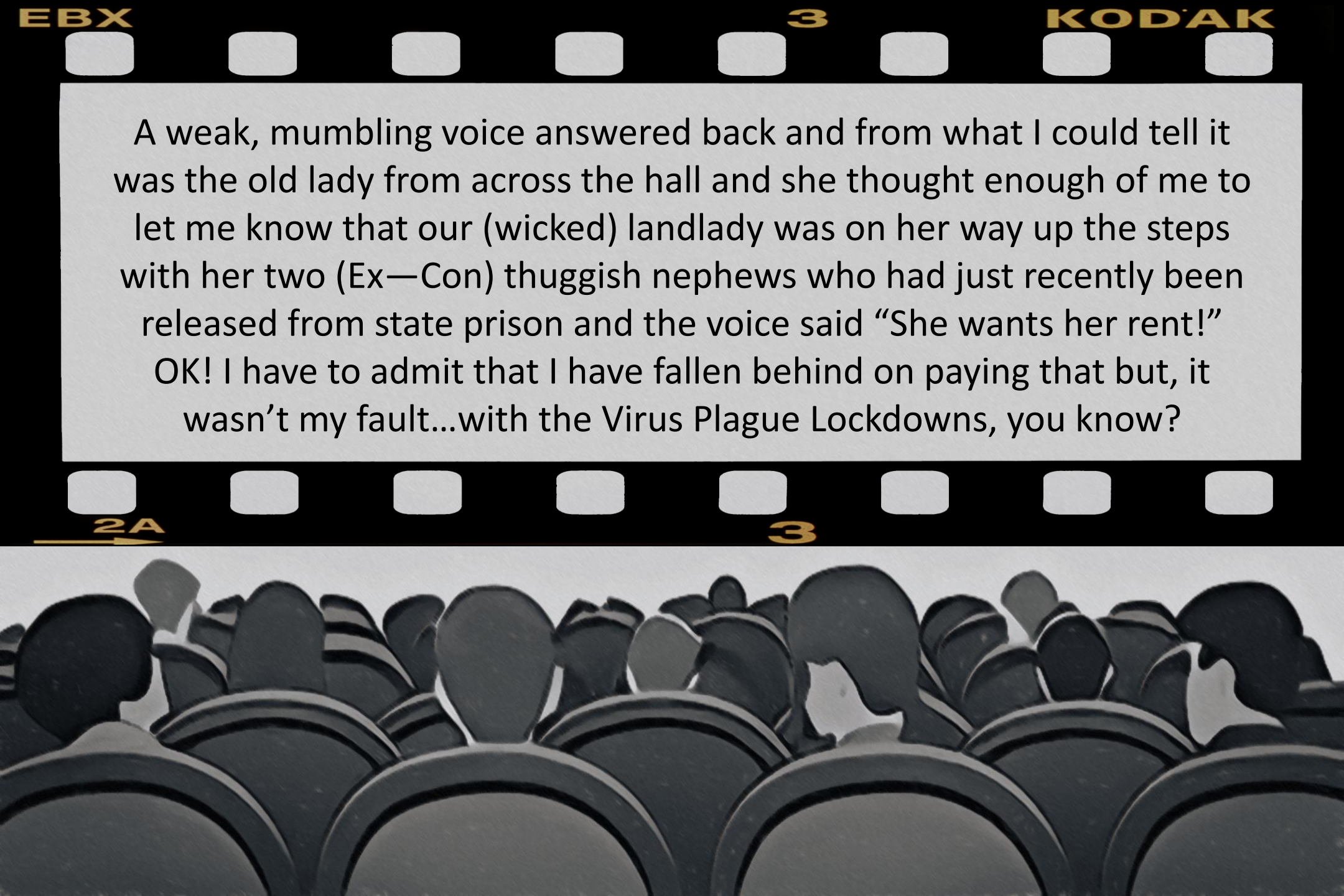






Loud banging on my hotel room's door awoke me from a rather pleasant dream and after more than a few curse words that I am not allowed to mention here; I stumbled to the door and yelled out that I am with the Secret Thought Police and might have suggested *"This better be important...if you value your Social Credit Score!"* I may have said that.

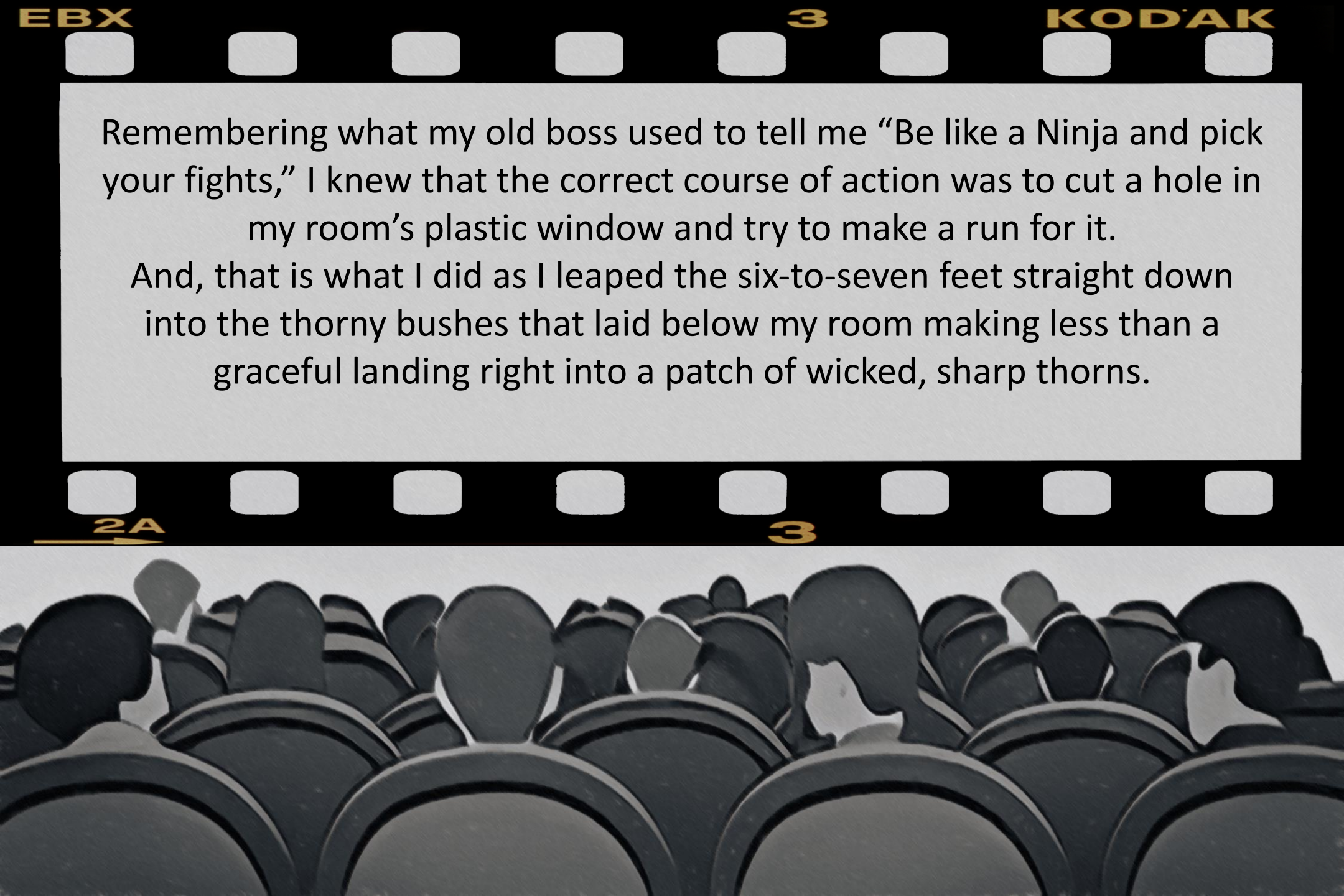




A weak, mumbling voice answered back and from what I could tell it was the old lady from across the hall and she thought enough of me to let me know that our (wicked) landlady was on her way up the steps with her two (Ex—Con) thuggish nephews who had just recently been released from state prison and the voice said “She wants her rent!”

OK! I have to admit that I have fallen behind on paying that but, it wasn't my fault...with the Virus Plague Lockdowns, you know?





EBX

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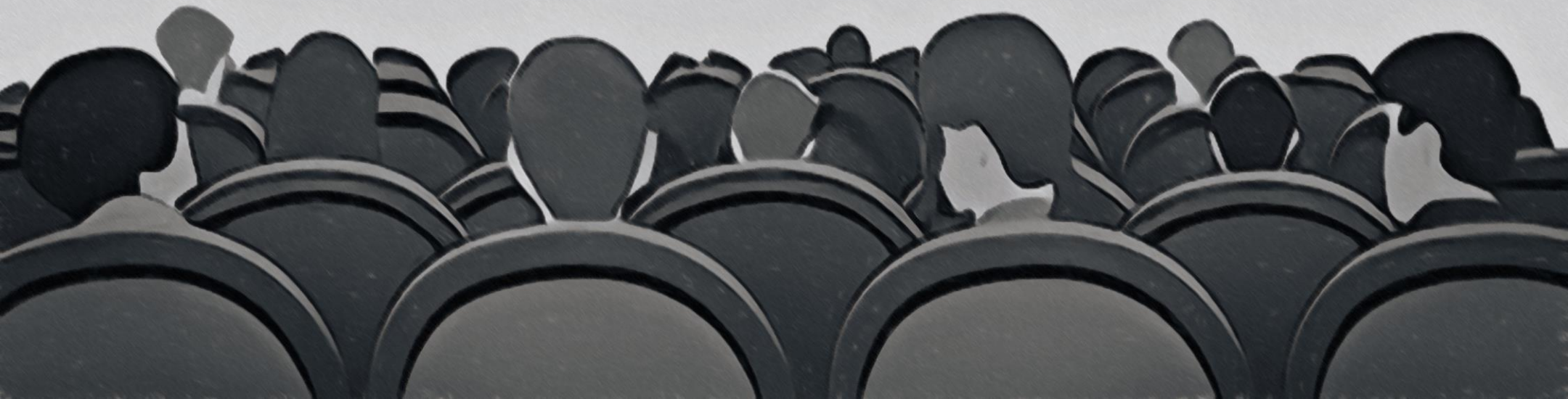
KODAK

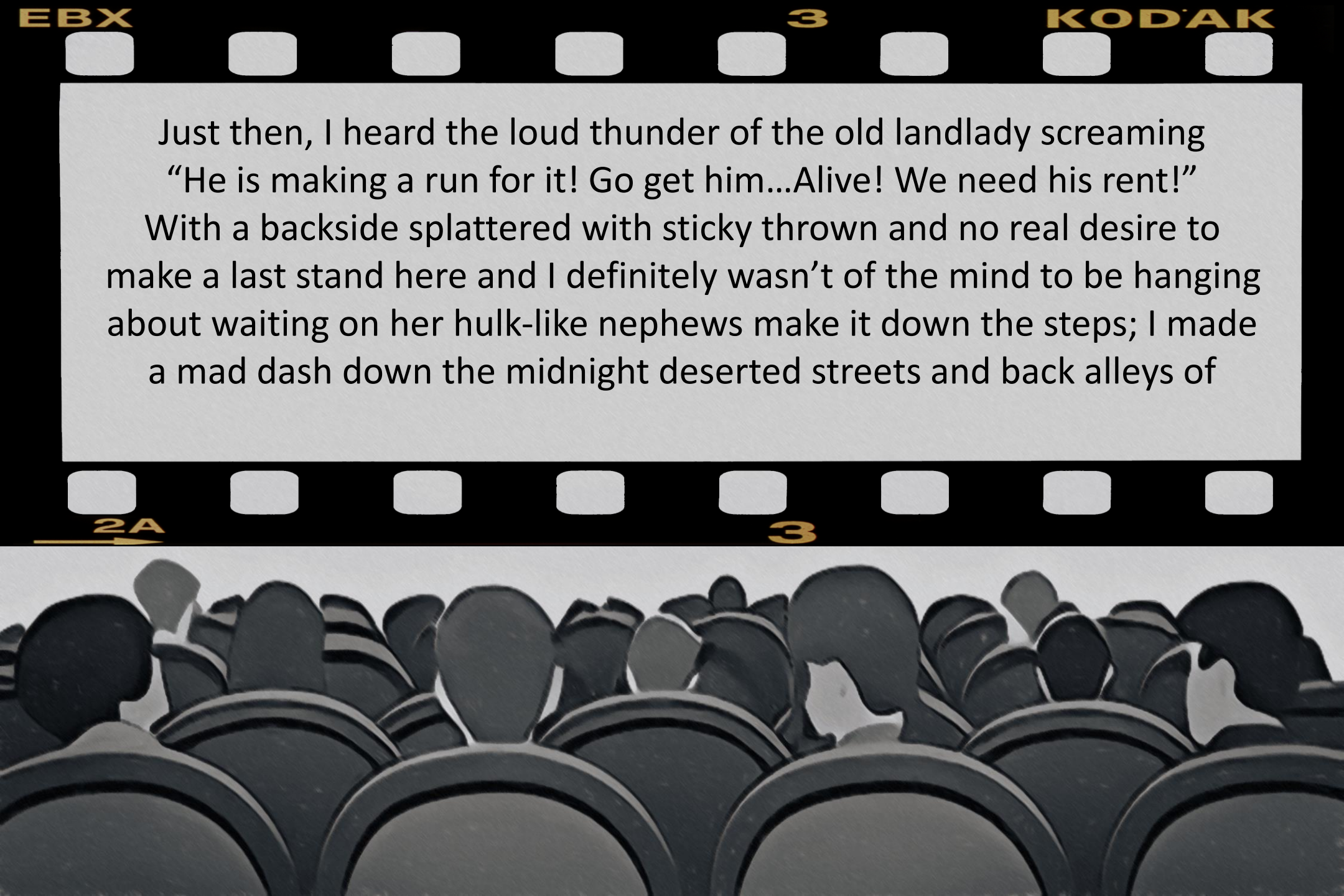
Remembering what my old boss used to tell me “Be like a Ninja and pick your fights,” I knew that the correct course of action was to cut a hole in my room’s plastic window and try to make a run for it.

And, that is what I did as I leaped the six-to-seven feet straight down into the thorny bushes that laid below my room making less than a graceful landing right into a patch of wicked, sharp thorns.

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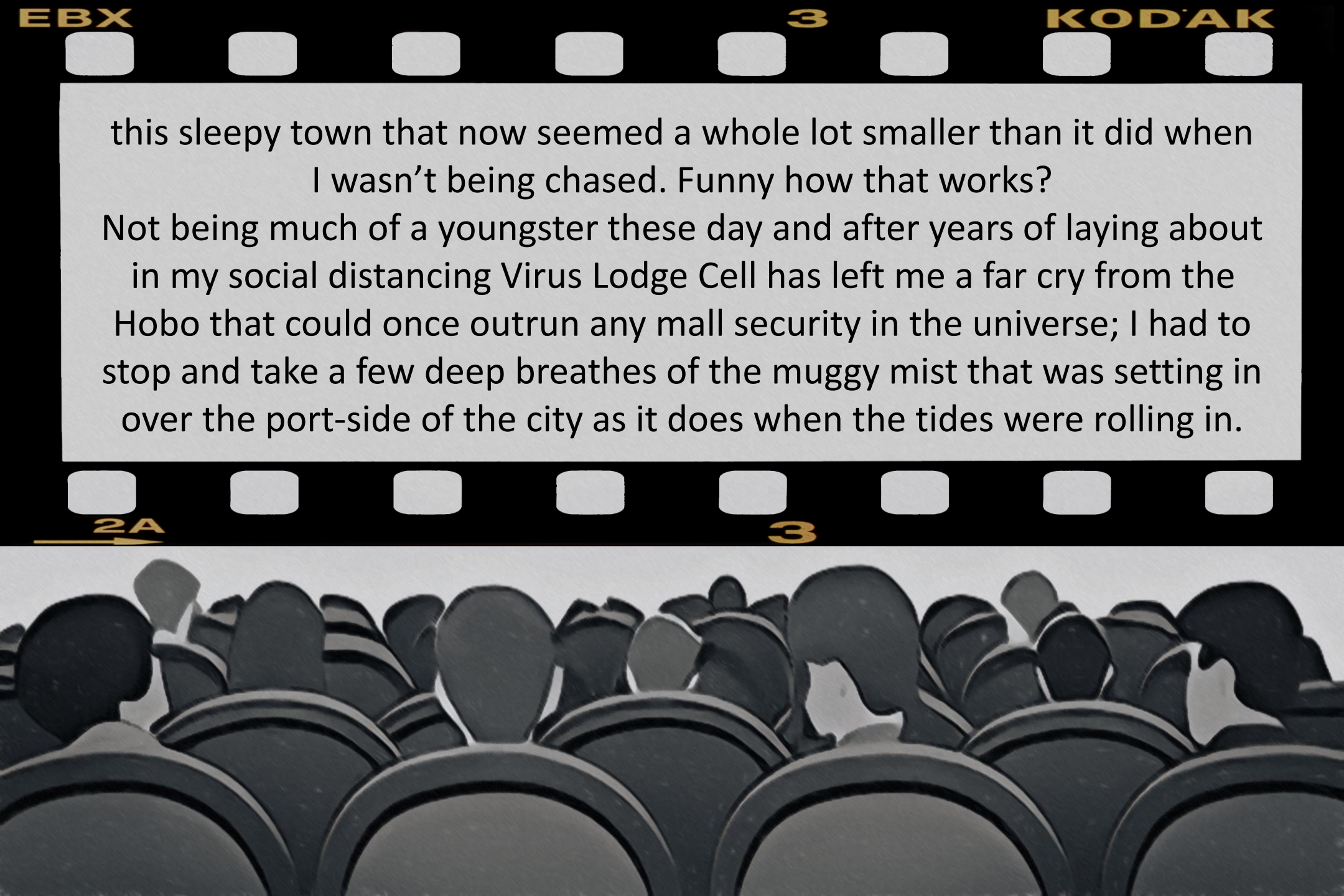




Just then, I heard the loud thunder of the old landlady screaming
“He is making a run for it! Go get him...Alive! We need his rent!”

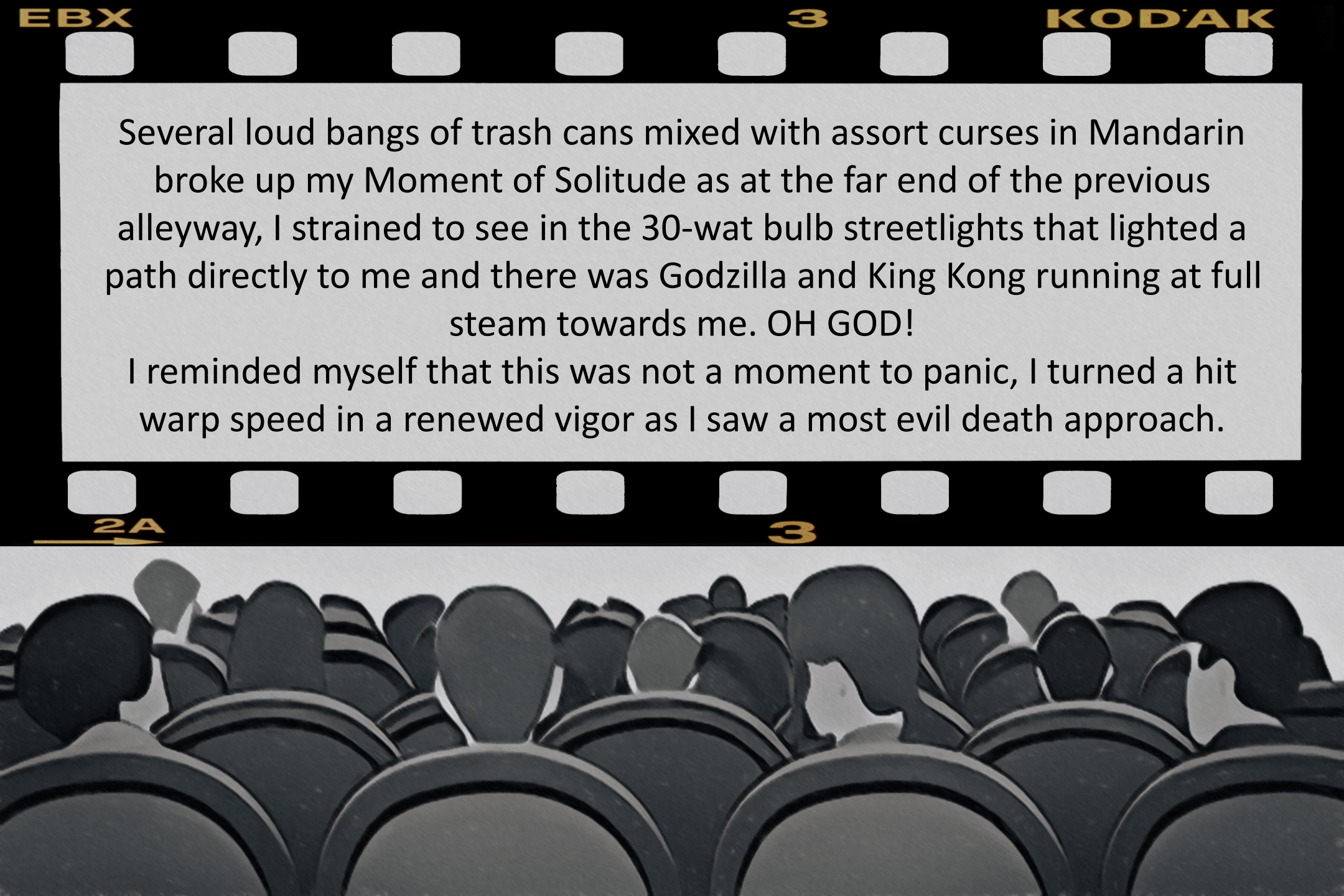
With a backside splattered with sticky thrown and no real desire to
make a last stand here and I definitely wasn't of the mind to be hanging
about waiting on her hulk-like nephews make it down the steps; I made
a mad dash down the midnight deserted streets and back alleys of





this sleepy town that now seemed a whole lot smaller than it did when
I wasn't being chased. Funny how that works?
Not being much of a youngster these day and after years of laying about
in my social distancing Virus Lodge Cell has left me a far cry from the
Hobo that could once outrun any mall security in the universe; I had to
stop and take a few deep breathes of the muggy mist that was setting in
over the port-side of the city as it does when the tides were rolling in.





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KODAK

Several loud bangs of trash cans mixed with assort curses in Mandarin broke up my Moment of Solitude as at the far end of the previous alleyway, I strained to see in the 30-wat bulb streetlights that lighted a path directly to me and there was Godzilla and King Kong running at full steam towards me. OH GOD!

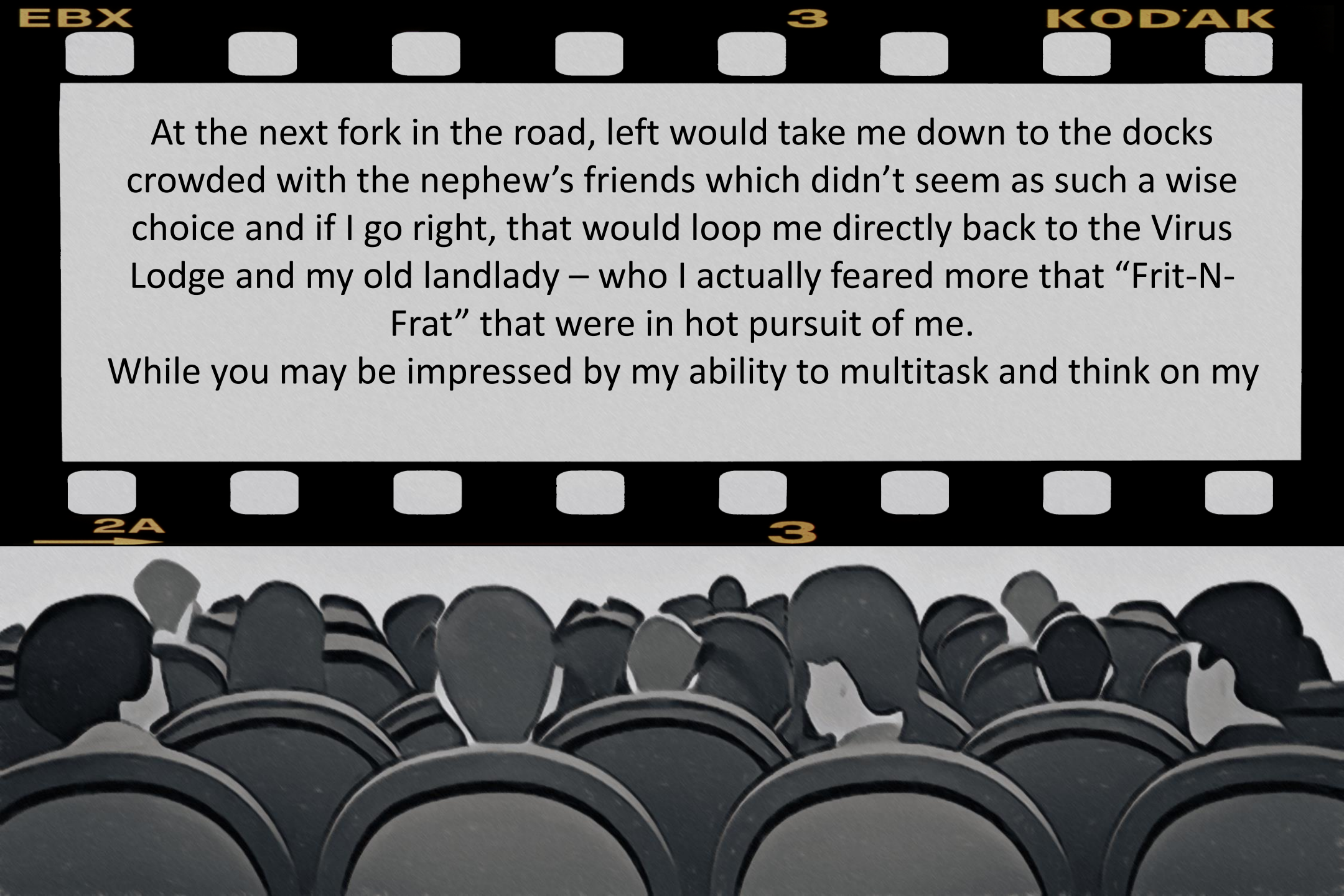
I reminded myself that this was not a moment to panic, I turned a hit warp speed in a renewed vigor as I saw a most evil death approach.

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KODAK

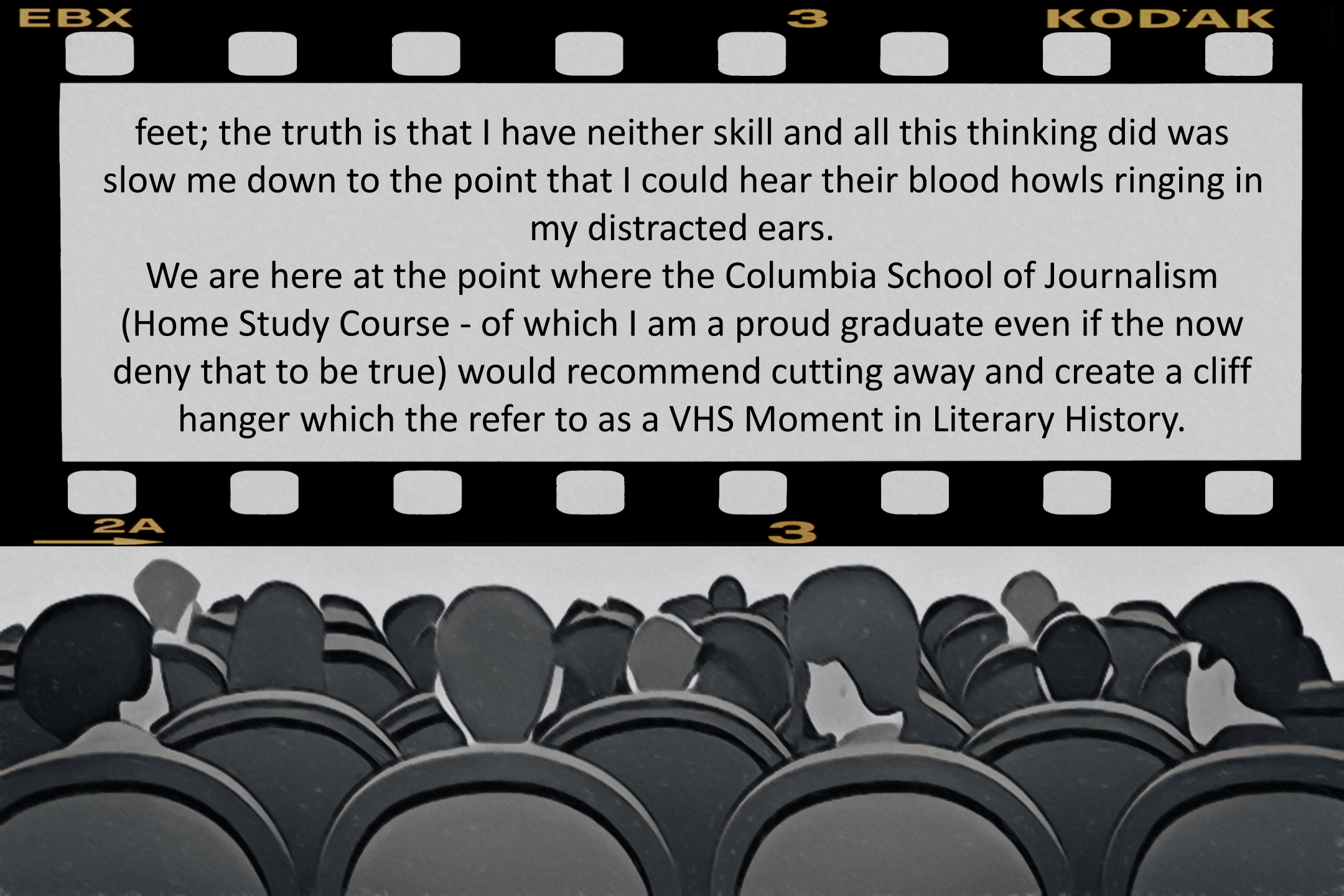
At the next fork in the road, left would take me down to the docks crowded with the nephew's friends which didn't seem as such a wise choice and if I go right, that would loop me directly back to the Virus Lodge and my old landlady – who I actually feared more that “Frit-N-Frat” that were in hot pursuit of me.

While you may be impressed by my ability to multitask and think on my

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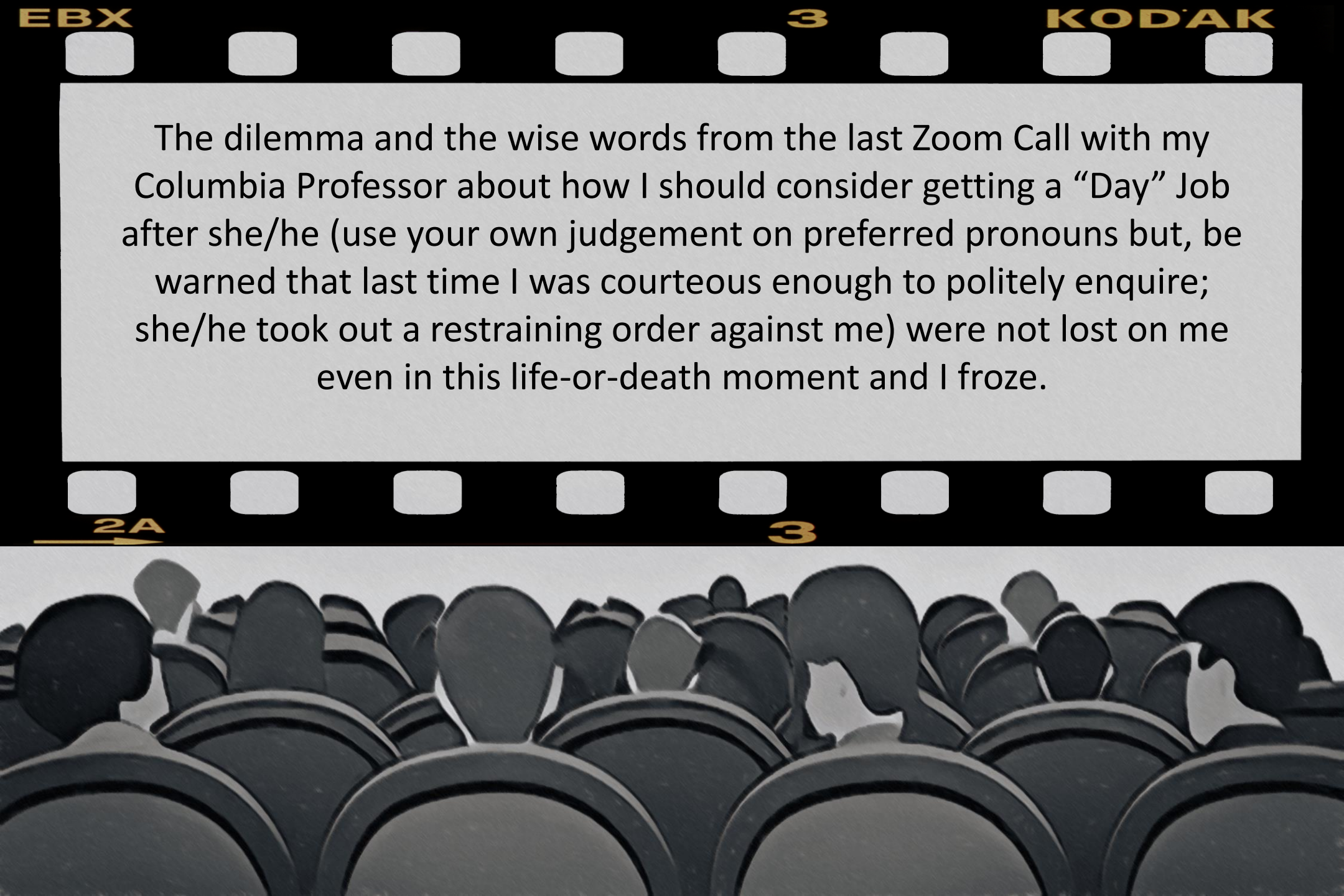




feet; the truth is that I have neither skill and all this thinking did was slow me down to the point that I could hear their blood howls ringing in my distracted ears.

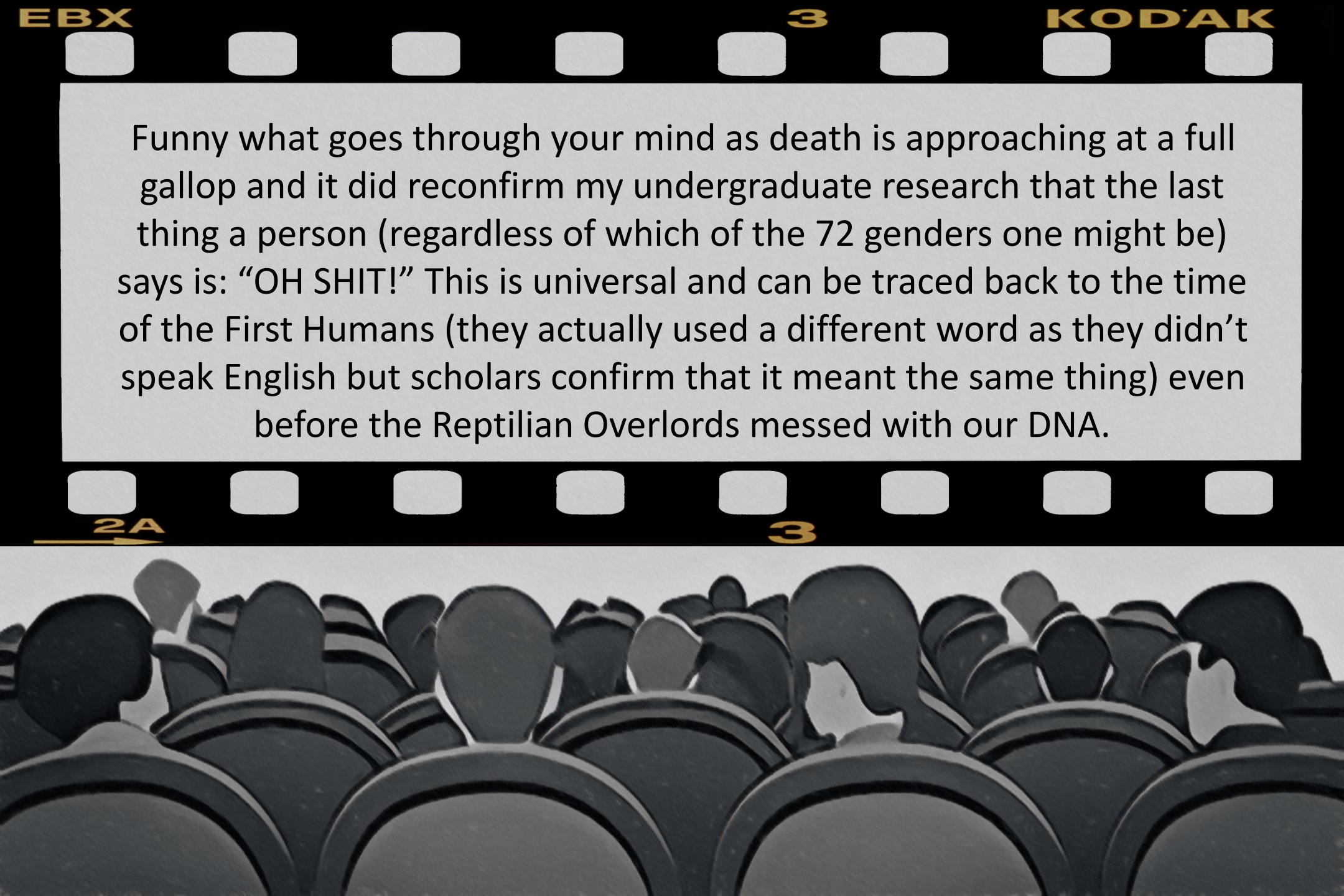
We are here at the point where the Columbia School of Journalism (Home Study Course - of which I am a proud graduate even if the now deny that to be true) would recommend cutting away and create a cliff hanger which the refer to as a VHS Moment in Literary History.





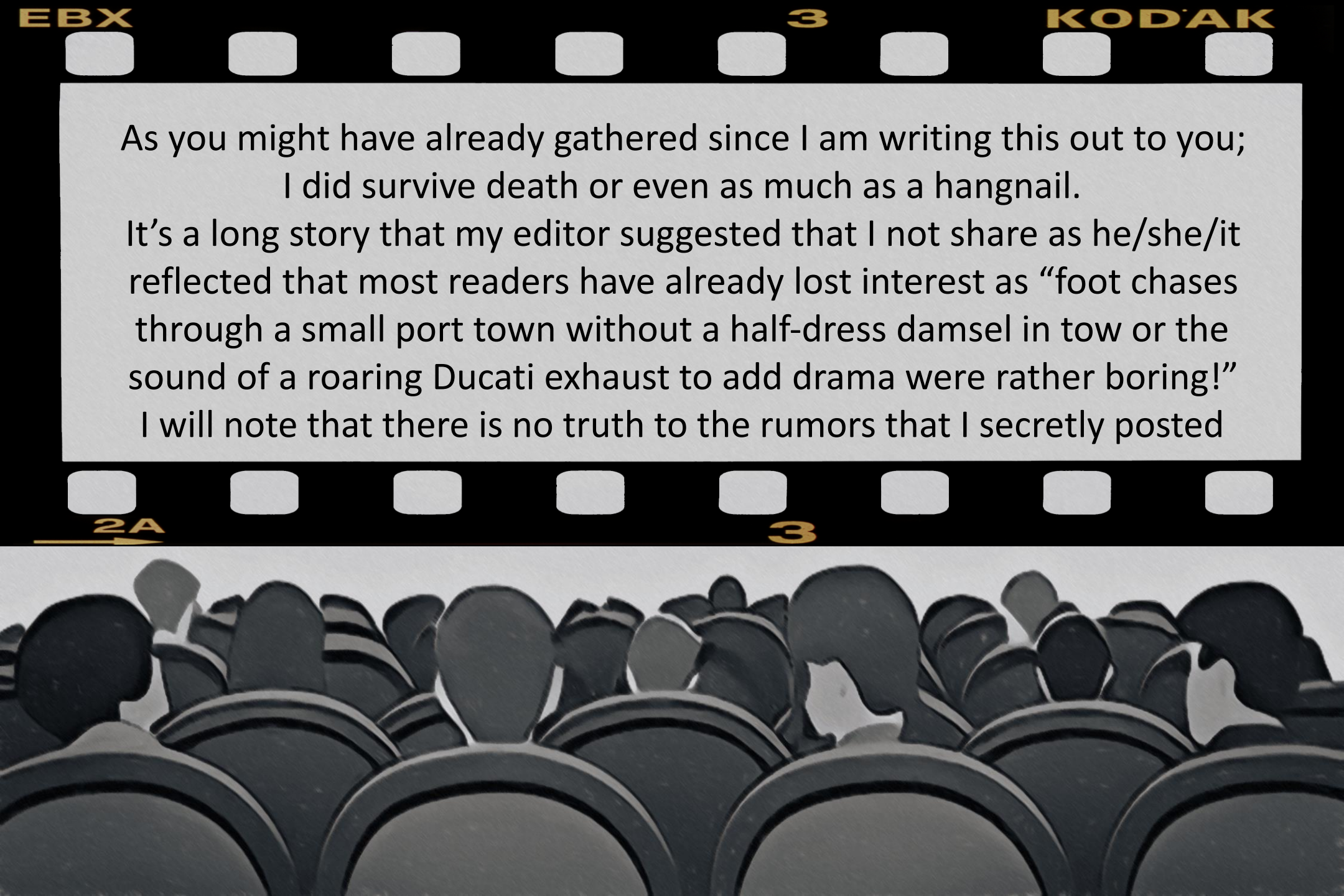
The dilemma and the wise words from the last Zoom Call with my Columbia Professor about how I should consider getting a “Day” Job after she/he (use your own judgement on preferred pronouns but, be warned that last time I was courteous enough to politely enquire; she/he took out a restraining order against me) were not lost on me even in this life-or-death moment and I froze.





Funny what goes through your mind as death is approaching at a full gallop and it did reconfirm my undergraduate research that the last thing a person (regardless of which of the 72 genders one might be) says is: "OH SHIT!" This is universal and can be traced back to the time of the First Humans (they actually used a different word as they didn't speak English but scholars confirm that it meant the same thing) even before the Reptilian Overlords messed with our DNA.





EBX

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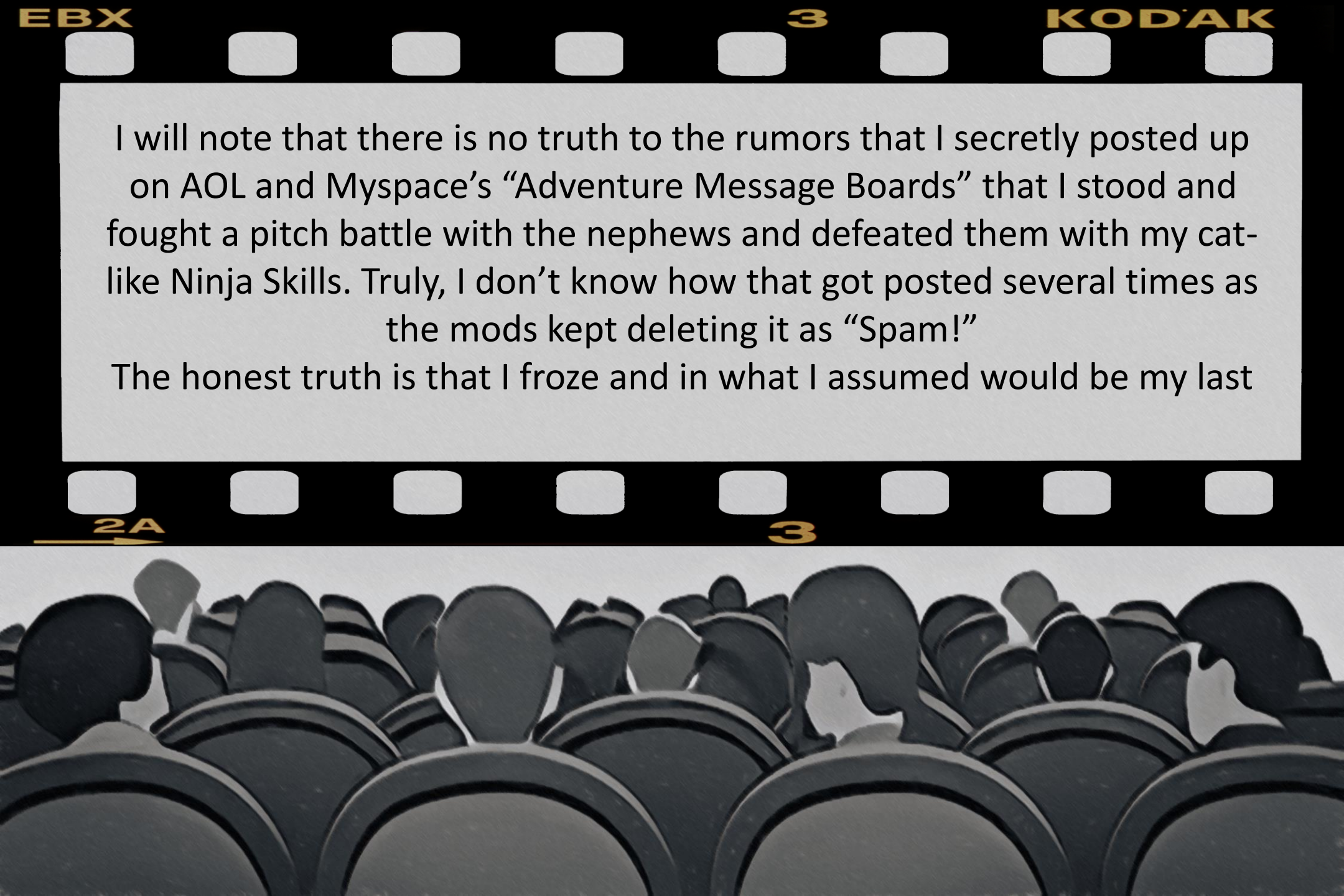
KODAK

As you might have already gathered since I am writing this out to you;
I did survive death or even as much as a hangnail.
It's a long story that my editor suggested that I not share as he/she/it
reflected that most readers have already lost interest as "foot chases
through a small port town without a half-dress damsel in tow or the
sound of a roaring Ducati exhaust to add drama were rather boring!"
I will note that there is no truth to the rumors that I secretly posted

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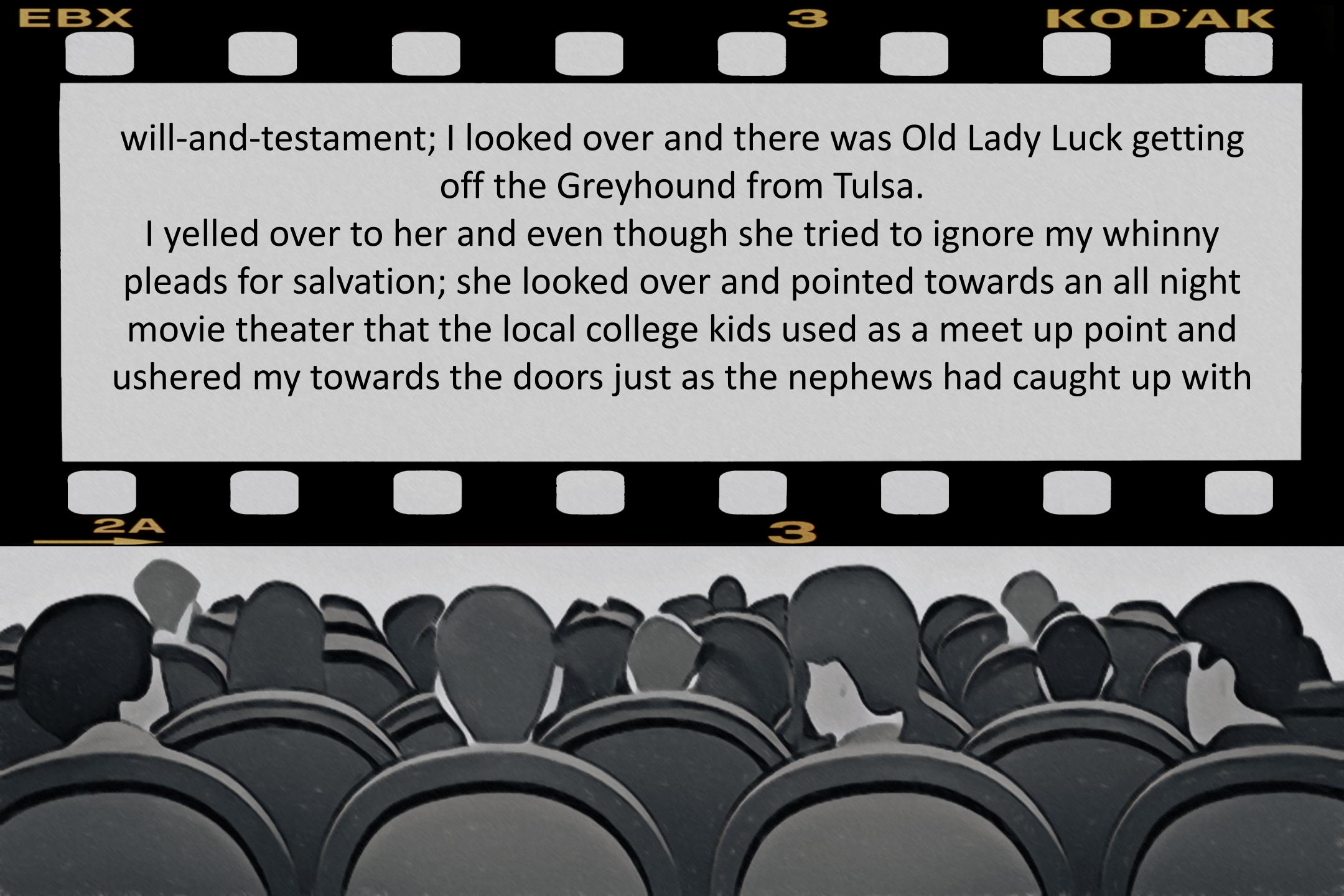




I will note that there is no truth to the rumors that I secretly posted up on AOL and Myspace's "Adventure Message Boards" that I stood and fought a pitch battle with the nephews and defeated them with my cat-like Ninja Skills. Truly, I don't know how that got posted several times as the mods kept deleting it as "Spam!"

The honest truth is that I froze and in what I assumed would be my last

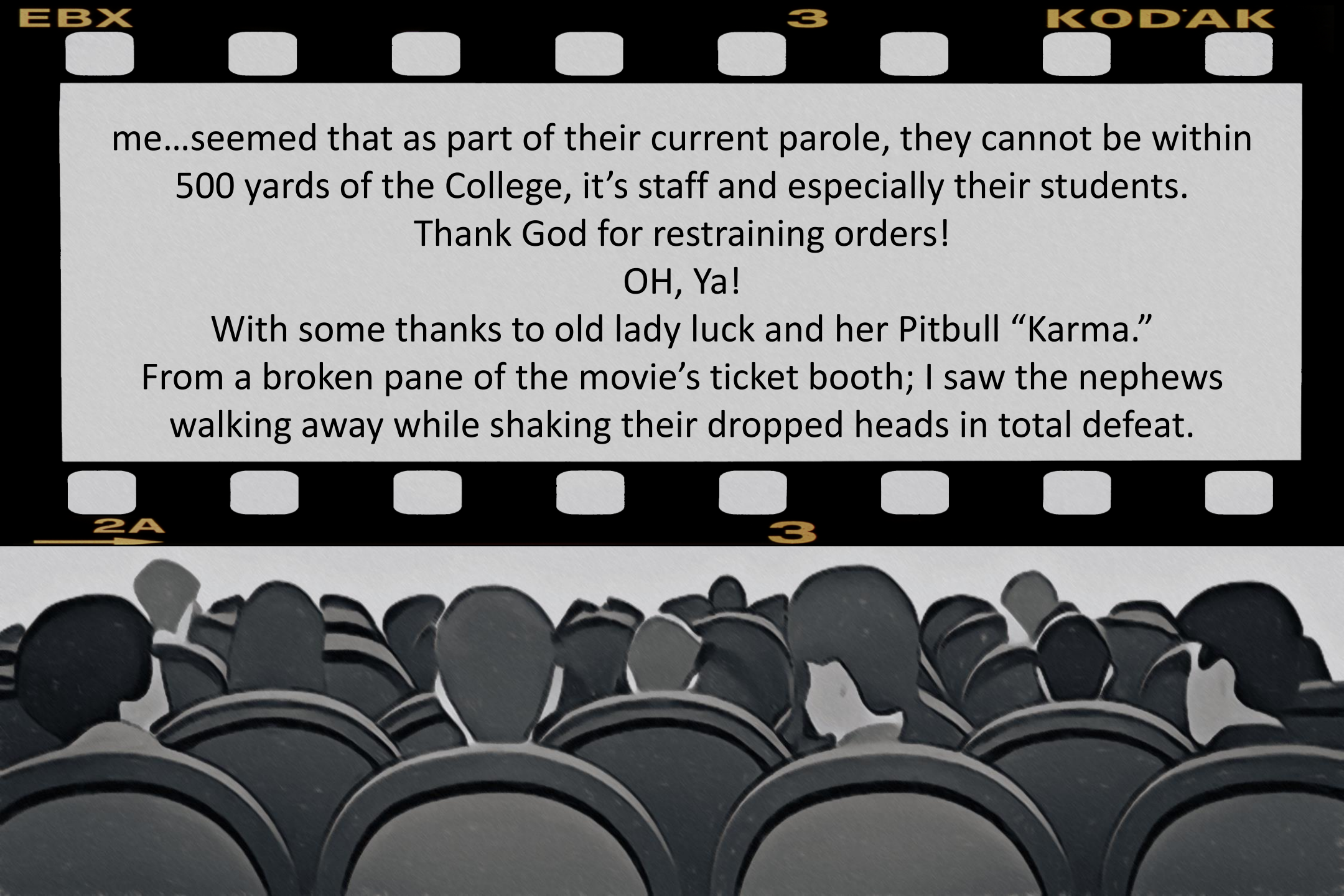




will-and-testament; I looked over and there was Old Lady Luck getting off the Greyhound from Tulsa.

I yelled over to her and even though she tried to ignore my whinny pleads for salvation; she looked over and pointed towards an all night movie theater that the local college kids used as a meet up point and ushered my towards the doors just as the nephews had caught up with





me...seemed that as part of their current parole, they cannot be within
500 yards of the College, it's staff and especially their students.

Thank God for restraining orders!

OH, Ya!

With some thanks to old lady luck and her Pitbull "Karma."
From a broken pane of the movie's ticket booth; I saw the nephews
walking away while shaking their dropped heads in total defeat.







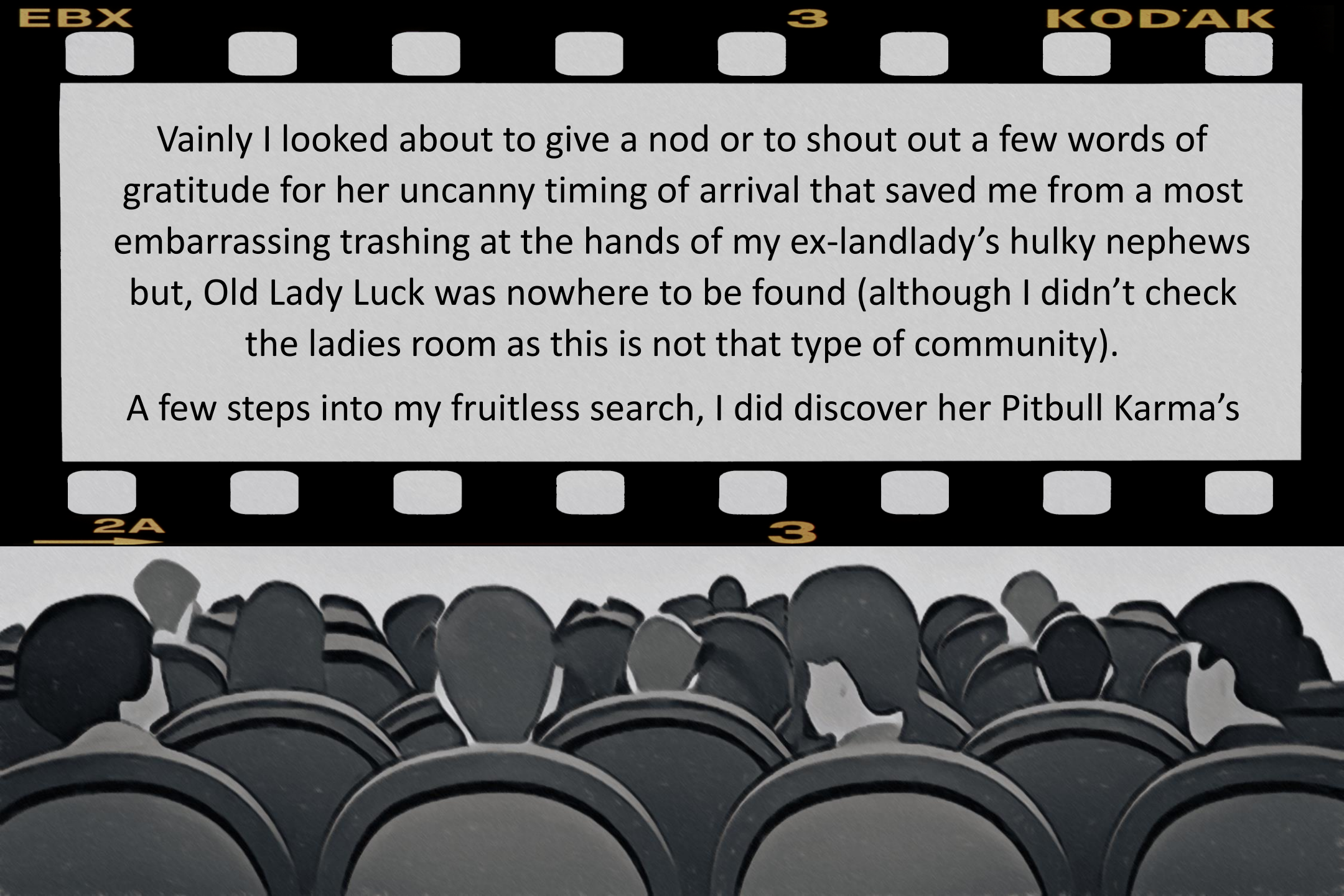


NON-STOP OLD FRENCH MOVIE VENUE

In a sudden rush of cosmic awareness that I had not felt for a long time; in fact, not since I was turned back on my day pass to the organized tour of the lower levels of the Multiverse (arranged by our previous Guru Wanda) had I been so lost for meaning to the many words I found myself mumbling about.



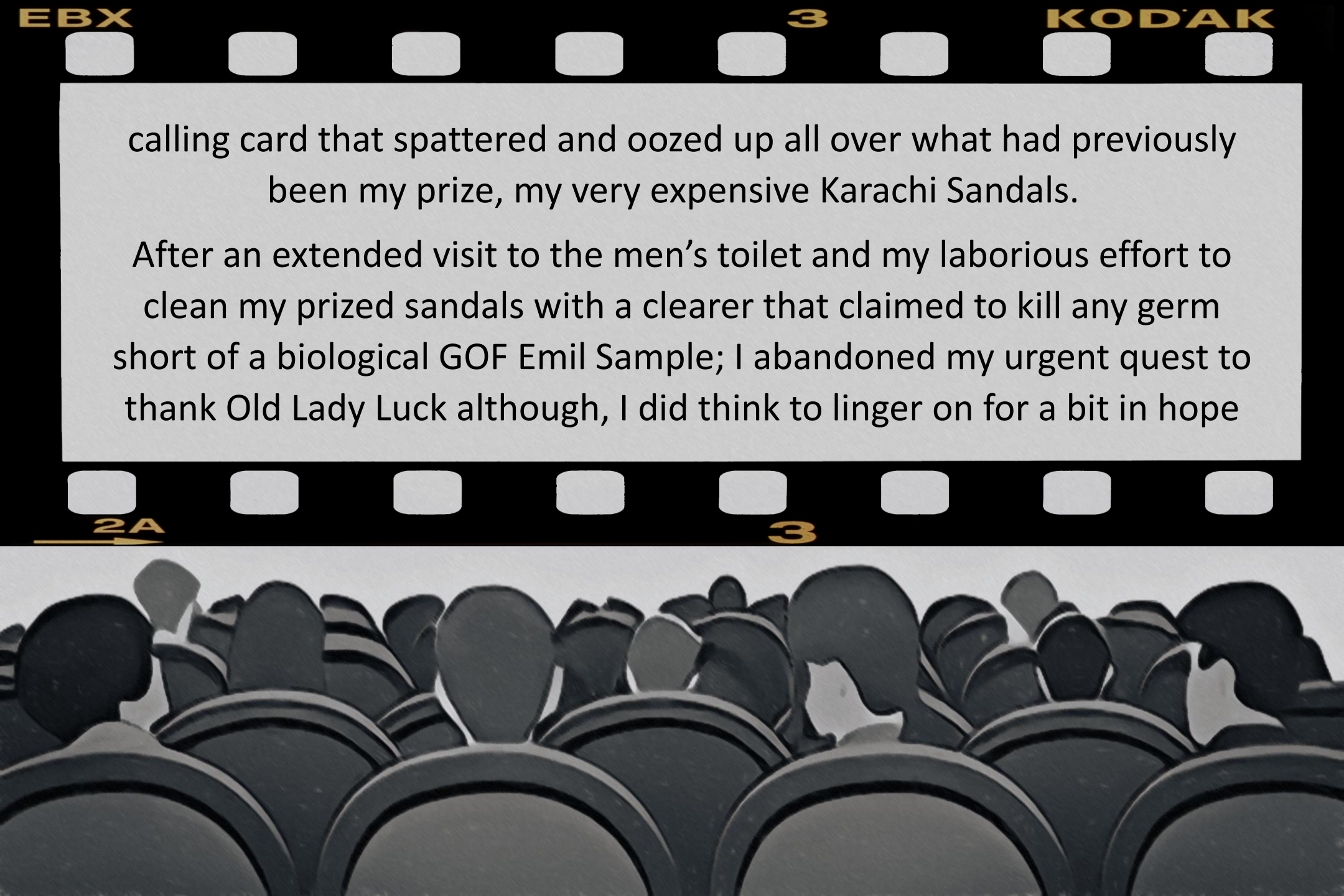




Vainly I looked about to give a nod or to shout out a few words of gratitude for her uncanny timing of arrival that saved me from a most embarrassing trashing at the hands of my ex-landlady's hulky nephews but, Old Lady Luck was nowhere to be found (although I didn't check the ladies room as this is not that type of community).

A few steps into my fruitless search, I did discover her Pitbull Karma's

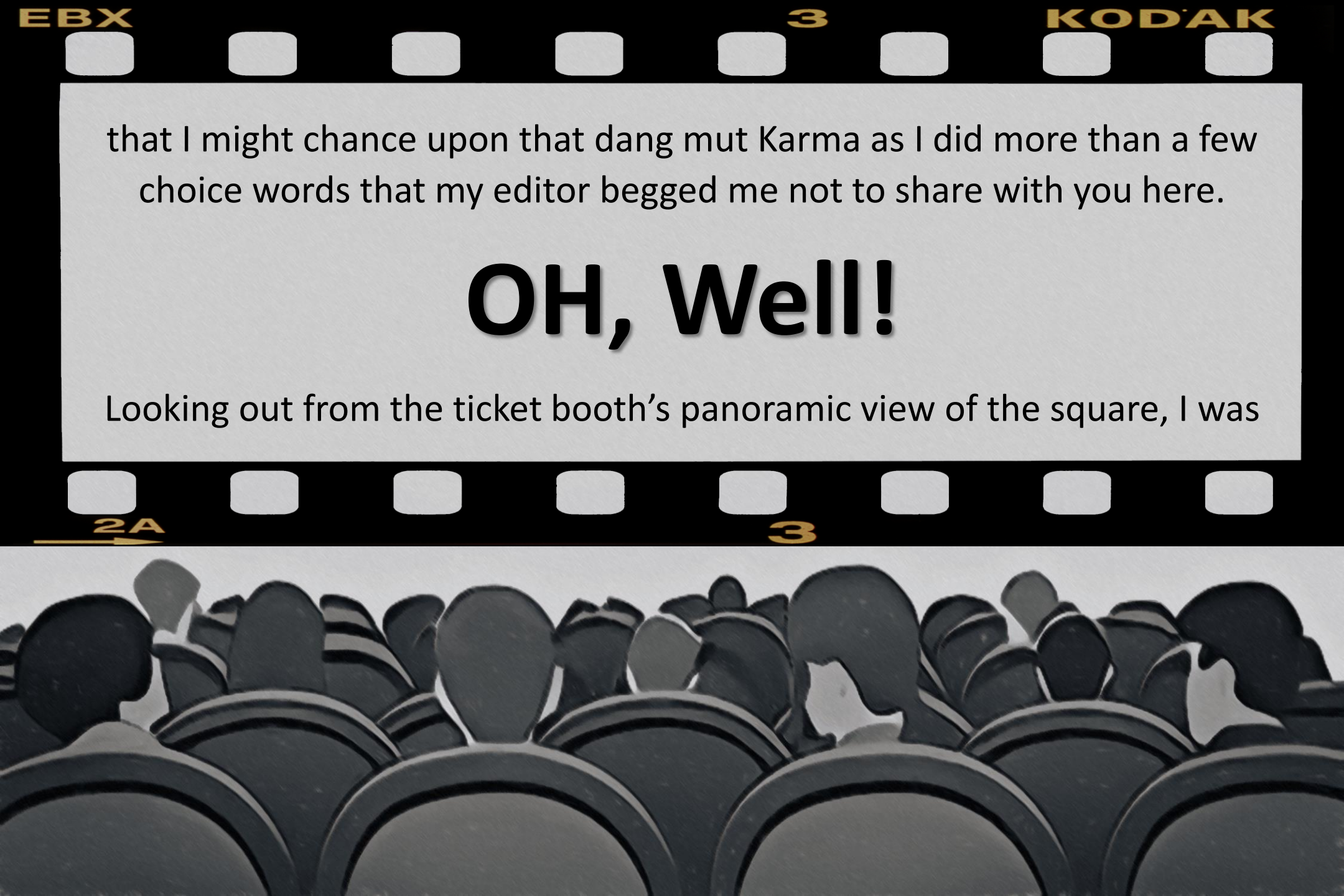




calling card that spattered and oozed up all over what had previously been my prize, my very expensive Karachi Sandals.

After an extended visit to the men's toilet and my laborious effort to clean my prized sandals with a clearer that claimed to kill any germ short of a biological GOF Emil Sample; I abandoned my urgent quest to thank Old Lady Luck although, I did think to linger on for a bit in hope





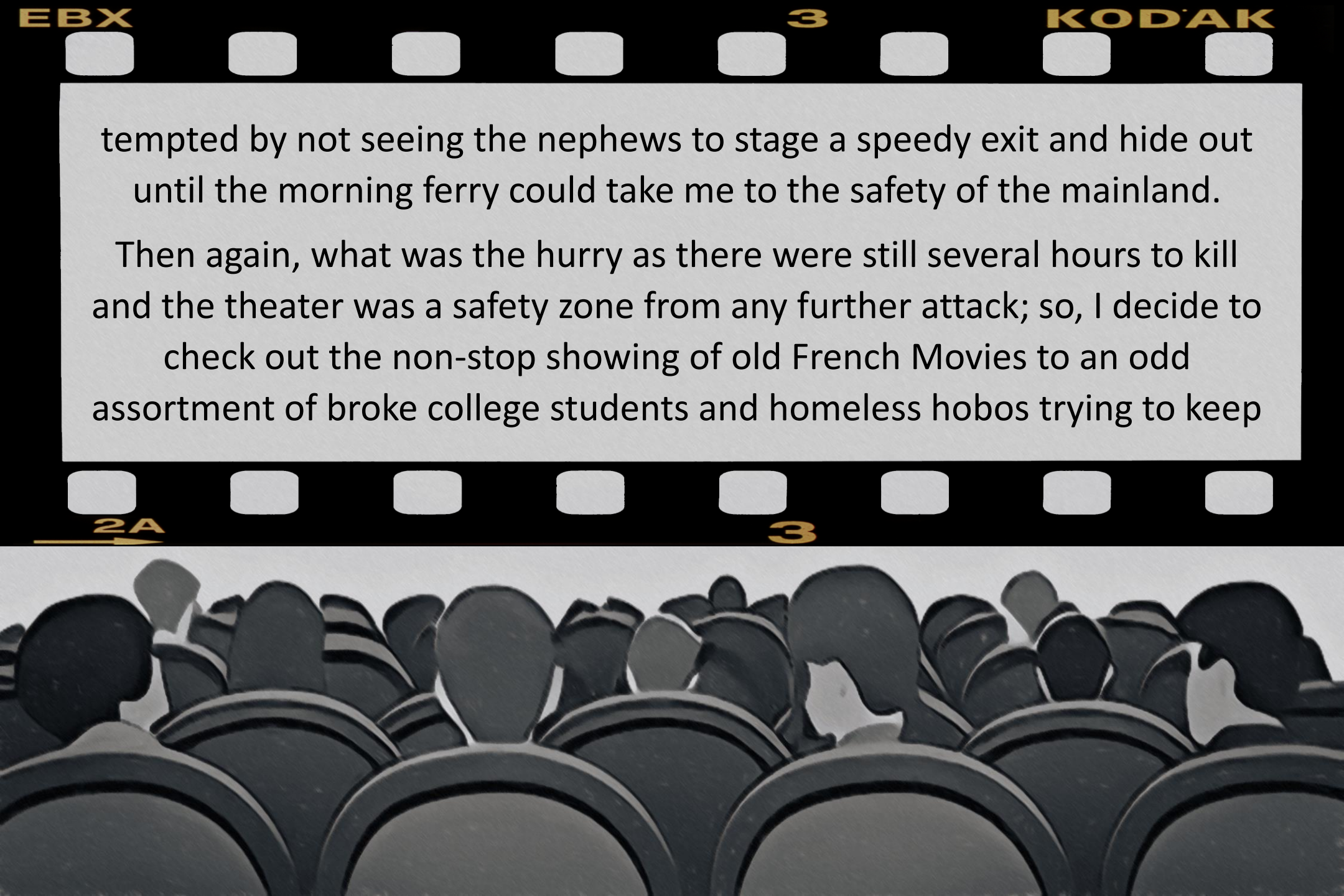
that I might chance upon that dang mut Karma as I did more than a few
choice words that my editor begged me not to share with you here.

OH, Well!

Looking out from the ticket booth's panoramic view of the square, I was



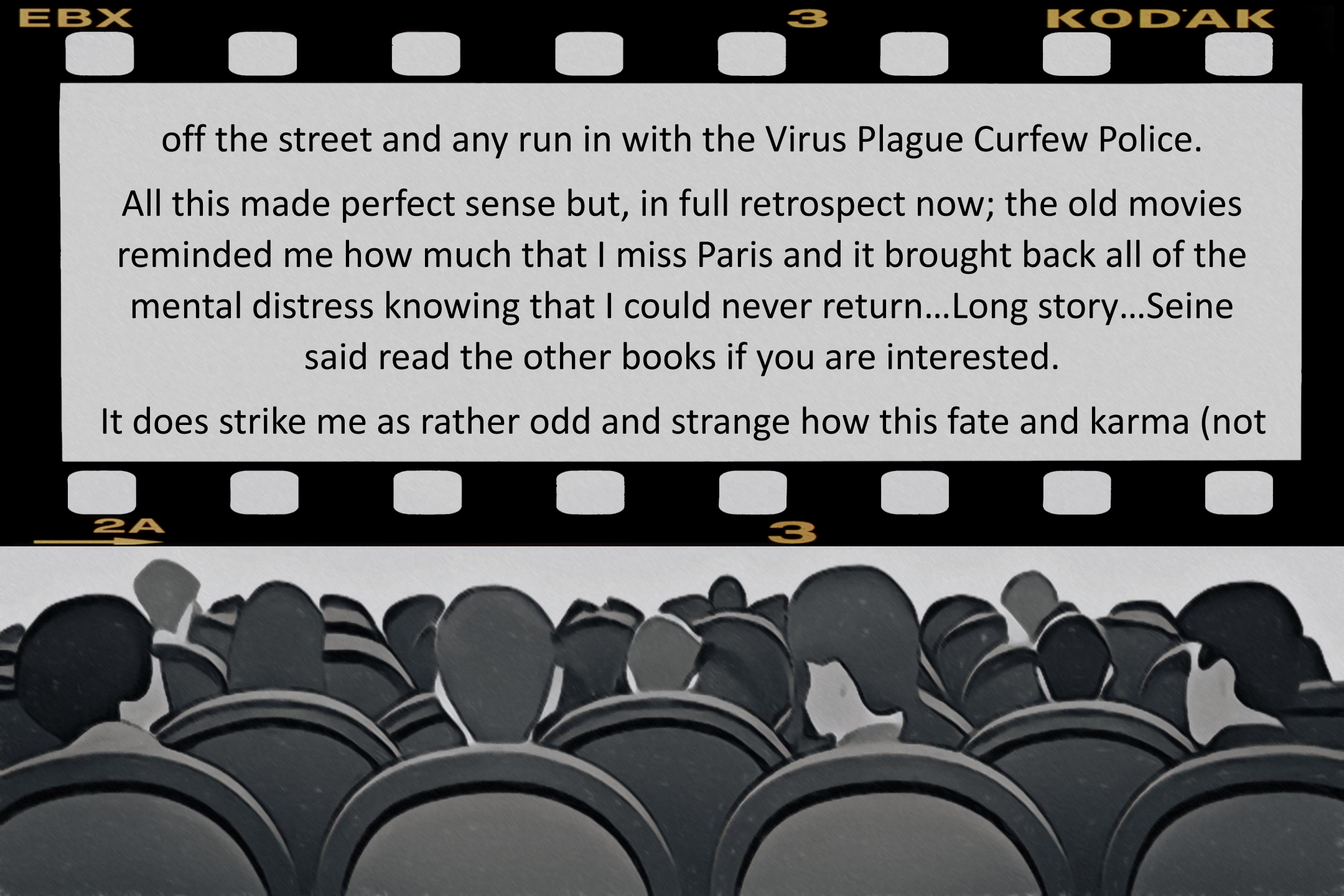




tempted by not seeing the nephews to stage a speedy exit and hide out until the morning ferry could take me to the safety of the mainland.

Then again, what was the hurry as there were still several hours to kill and the theater was a safety zone from any further attack; so, I decide to check out the non-stop showing of old French Movies to an odd assortment of broke college students and homeless hobos trying to keep



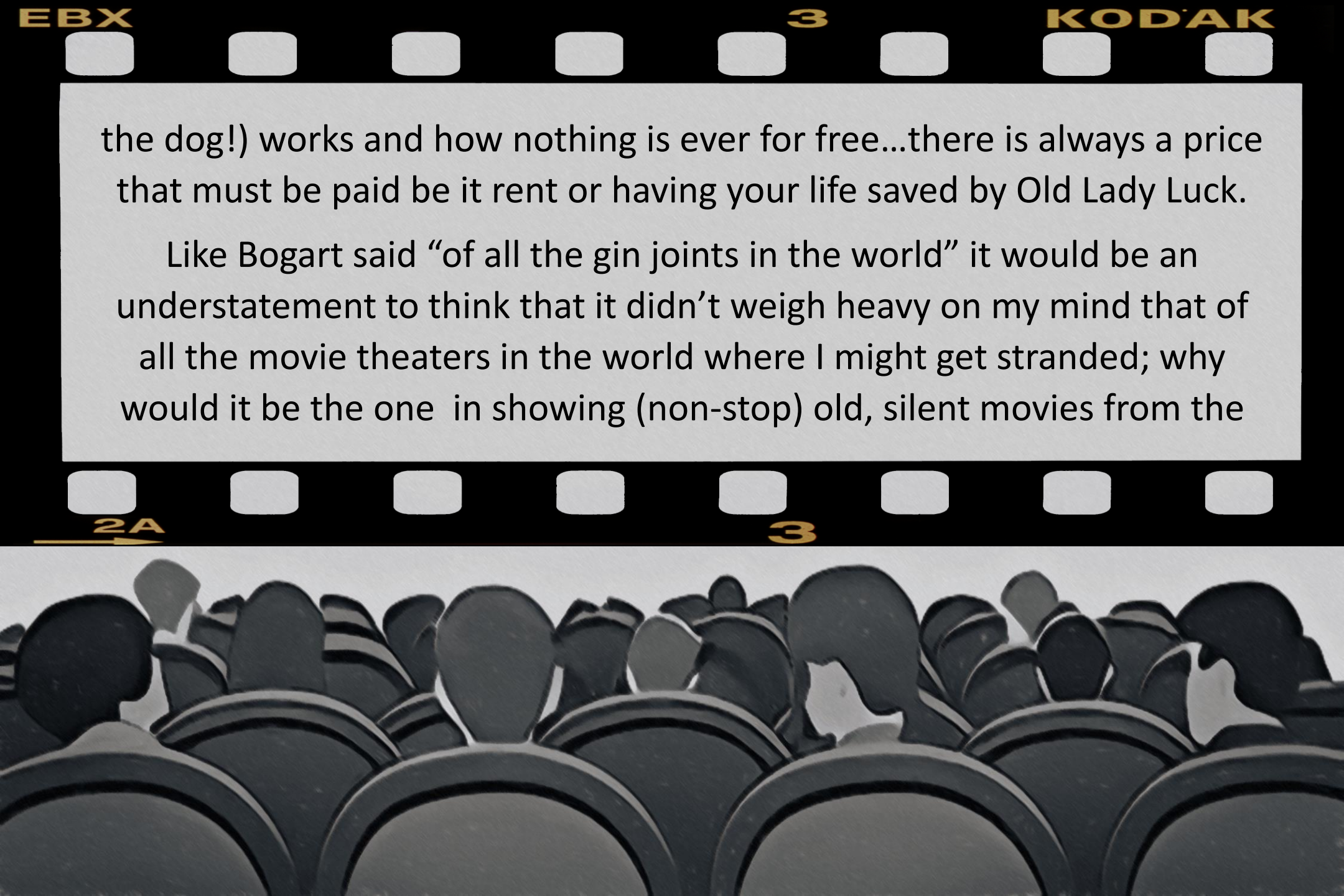


off the street and any run in with the Virus Plague Curfew Police.

All this made perfect sense but, in full retrospect now; the old movies reminded me how much that I miss Paris and it brought back all of the mental distress knowing that I could never return...Long story...Seine said read the other books if you are interested.

It does strike me as rather odd and strange how this fate and karma (not

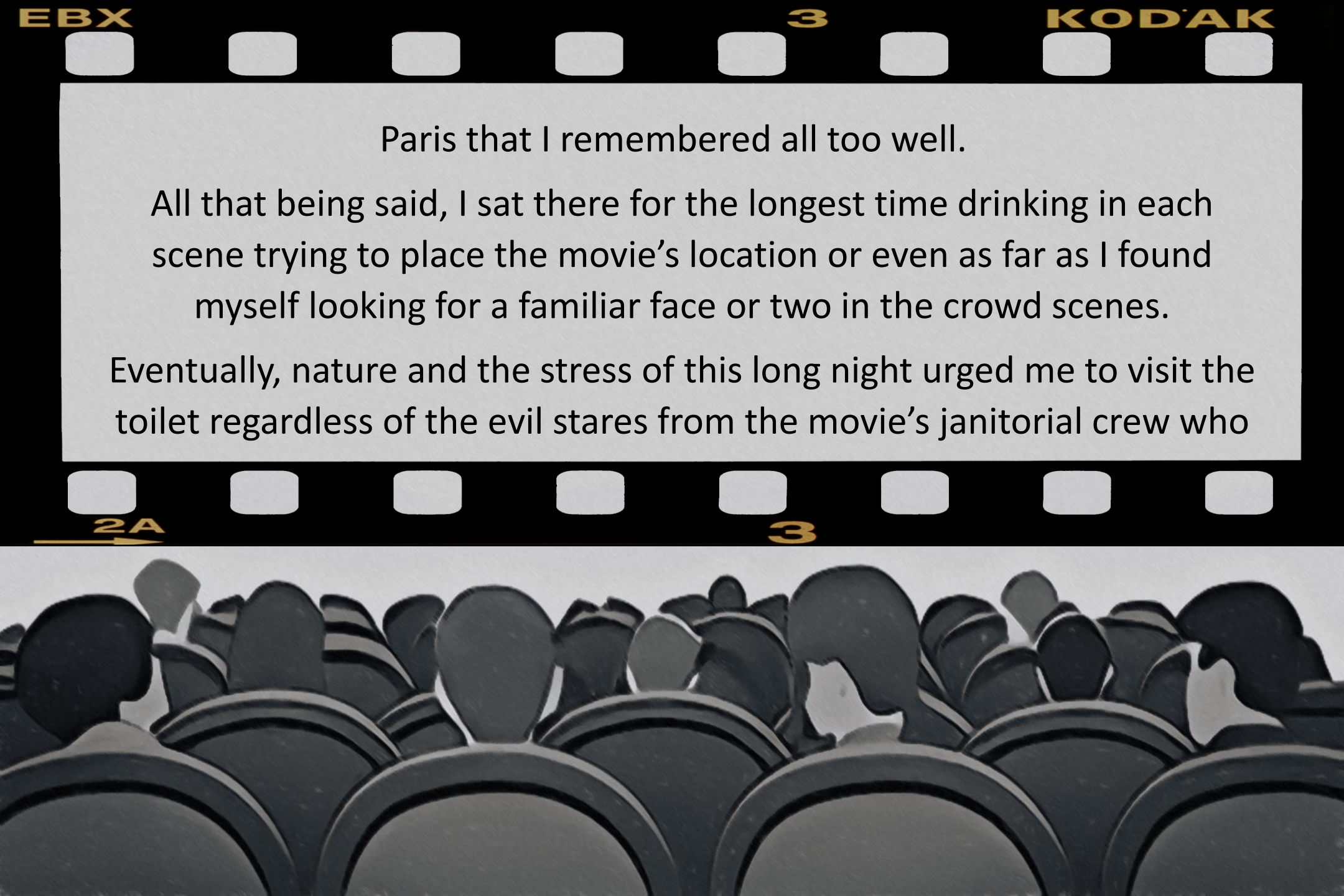




the dog!) works and how nothing is ever for free...there is always a price that must be paid be it rent or having your life saved by Old Lady Luck.

Like Bogart said “of all the gin joints in the world” it would be an understatement to think that it didn’t weigh heavy on my mind that of all the movie theaters in the world where I might get stranded; why would it be the one in showing (non-stop) old, silent movies from the



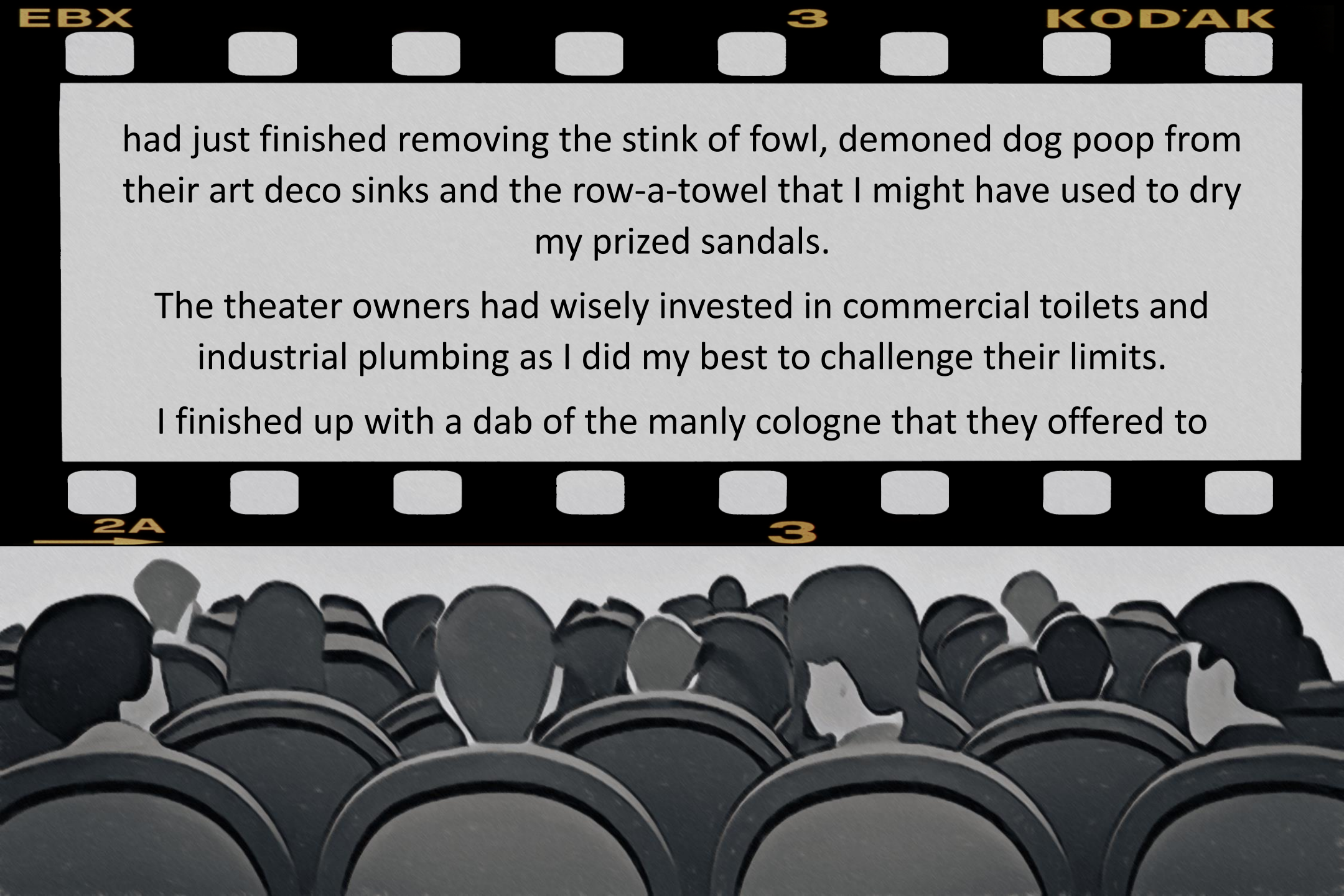


Paris that I remembered all too well.

All that being said, I sat there for the longest time drinking in each scene trying to place the movie's location or even as far as I found myself looking for a familiar face or two in the crowd scenes.

Eventually, nature and the stress of this long night urged me to visit the toilet regardless of the evil stares from the movie's janitorial crew who



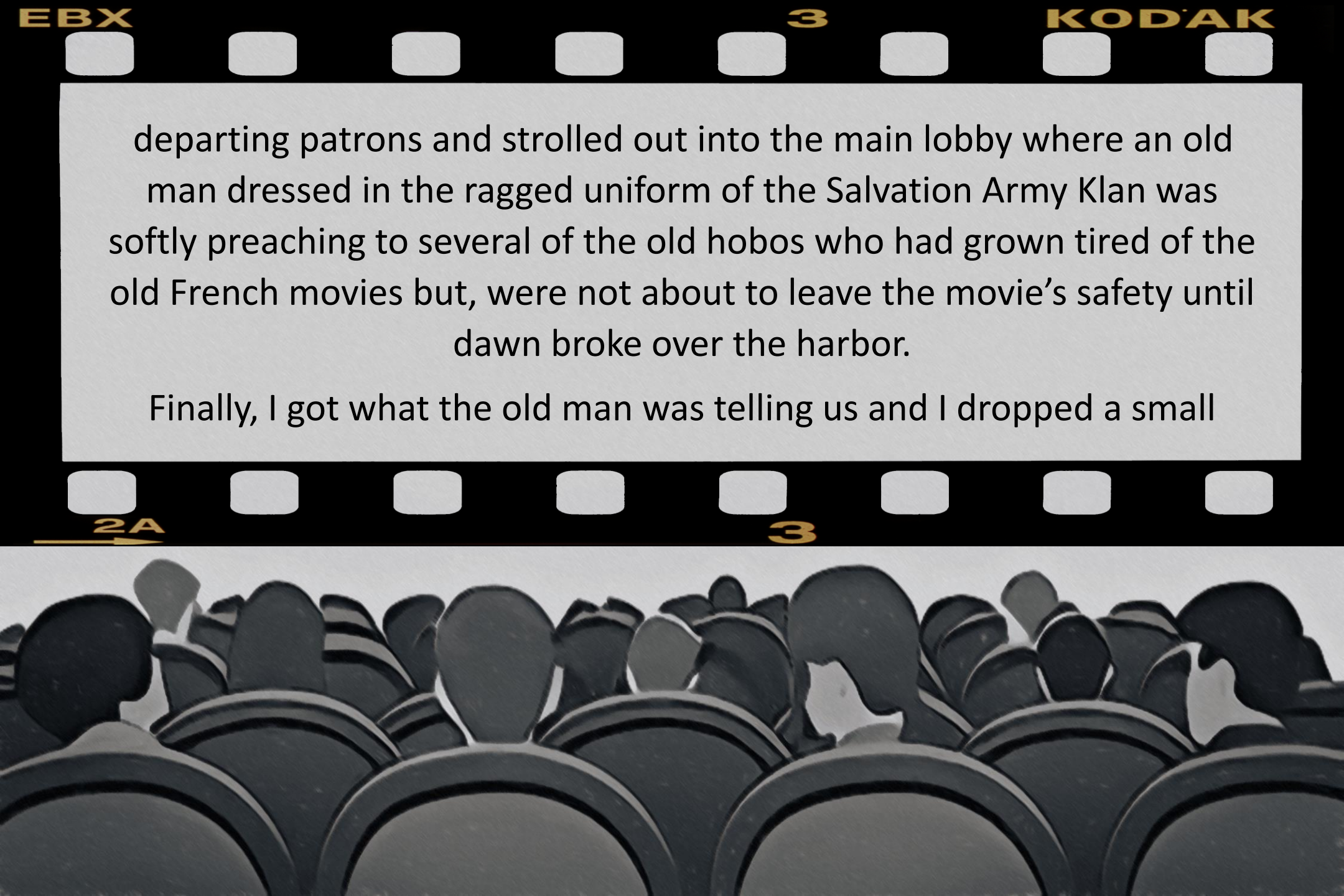


had just finished removing the stink of fowl, demoned dog poop from their art deco sinks and the row-a-towel that I might have used to dry my prized sandals.

The theater owners had wisely invested in commercial toilets and industrial plumbing as I did my best to challenge their limits.

I finished up with a dab of the manly cologne that they offered to

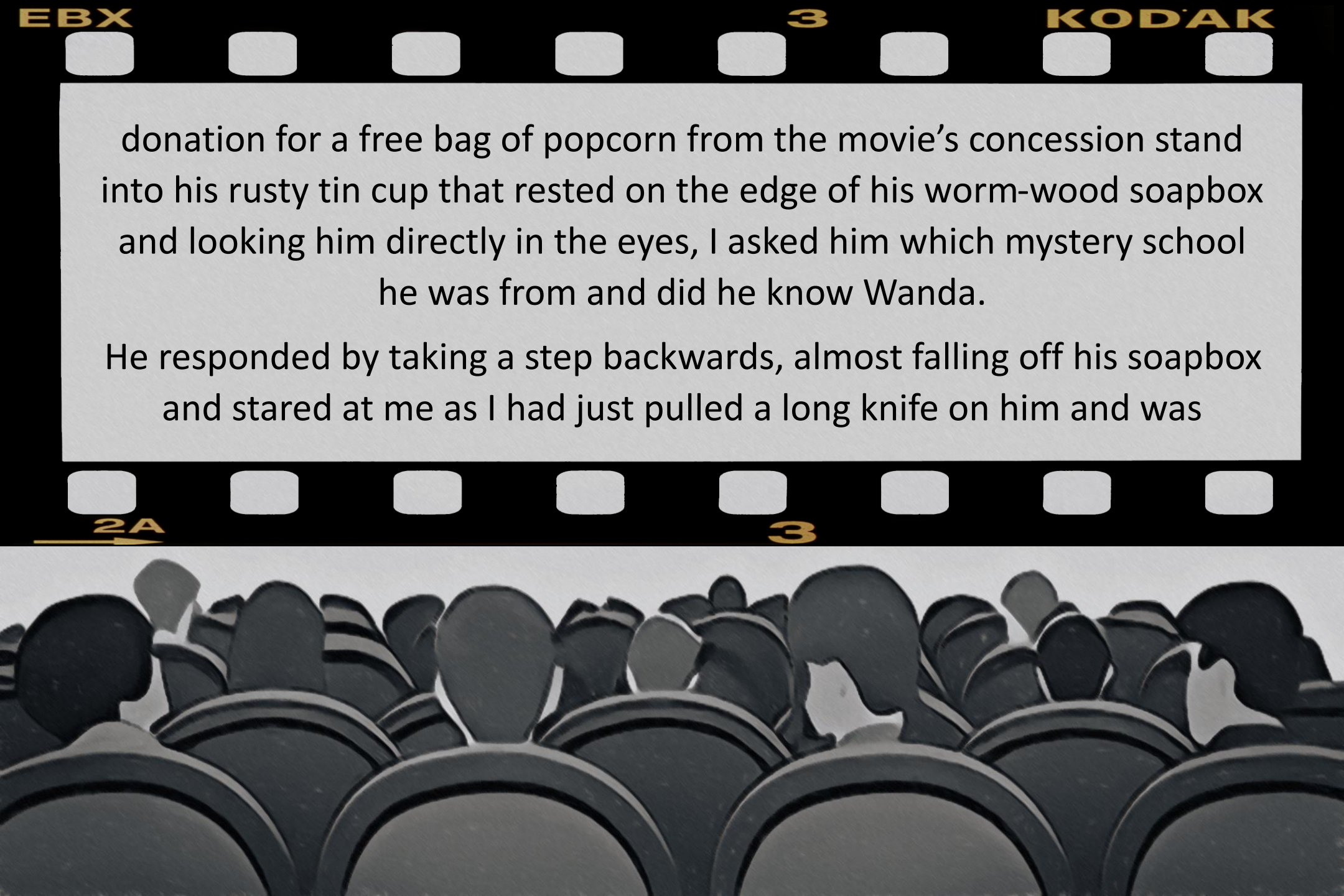




departing patrons and strolled out into the main lobby where an old man dressed in the ragged uniform of the Salvation Army Klan was softly preaching to several of the old hobos who had grown tired of the old French movies but, were not about to leave the movie's safety until dawn broke over the harbor.

Finally, I got what the old man was telling us and I dropped a small



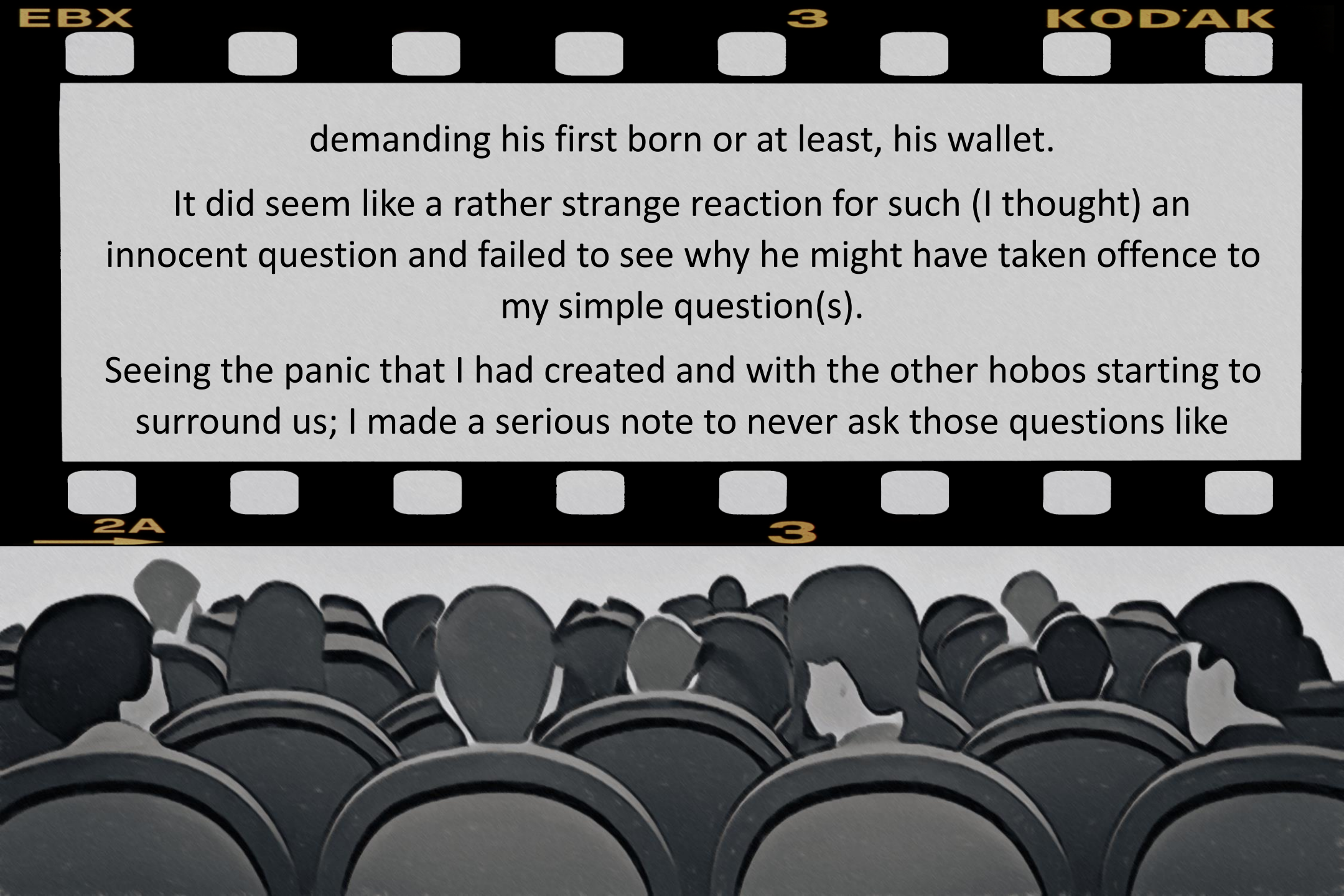


donation for a free bag of popcorn from the movie's concession stand into his rusty tin cup that rested on the edge of his worm-wood soapbox and looking him directly in the eyes, I asked him which mystery school he was from and did he know Wanda.

He responded by taking a step backwards, almost falling off his soapbox and stared at me as I had just pulled a long knife on him and was





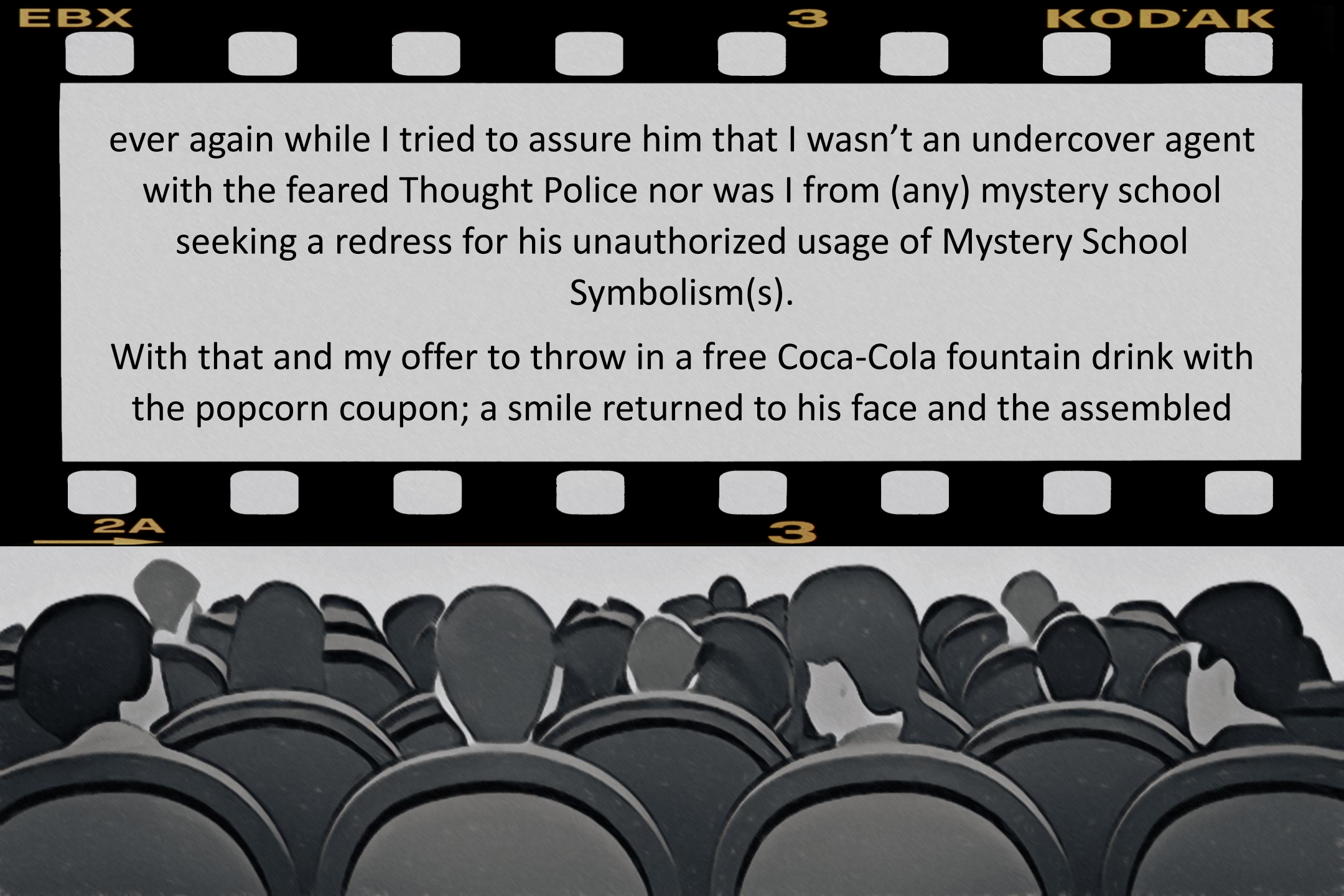


demanding his first born or at least, his wallet.

It did seem like a rather strange reaction for such (I thought) an innocent question and failed to see why he might have taken offence to my simple question(s).

Seeing the panic that I had created and with the other hobos starting to surround us; I made a serious note to never ask those questions like

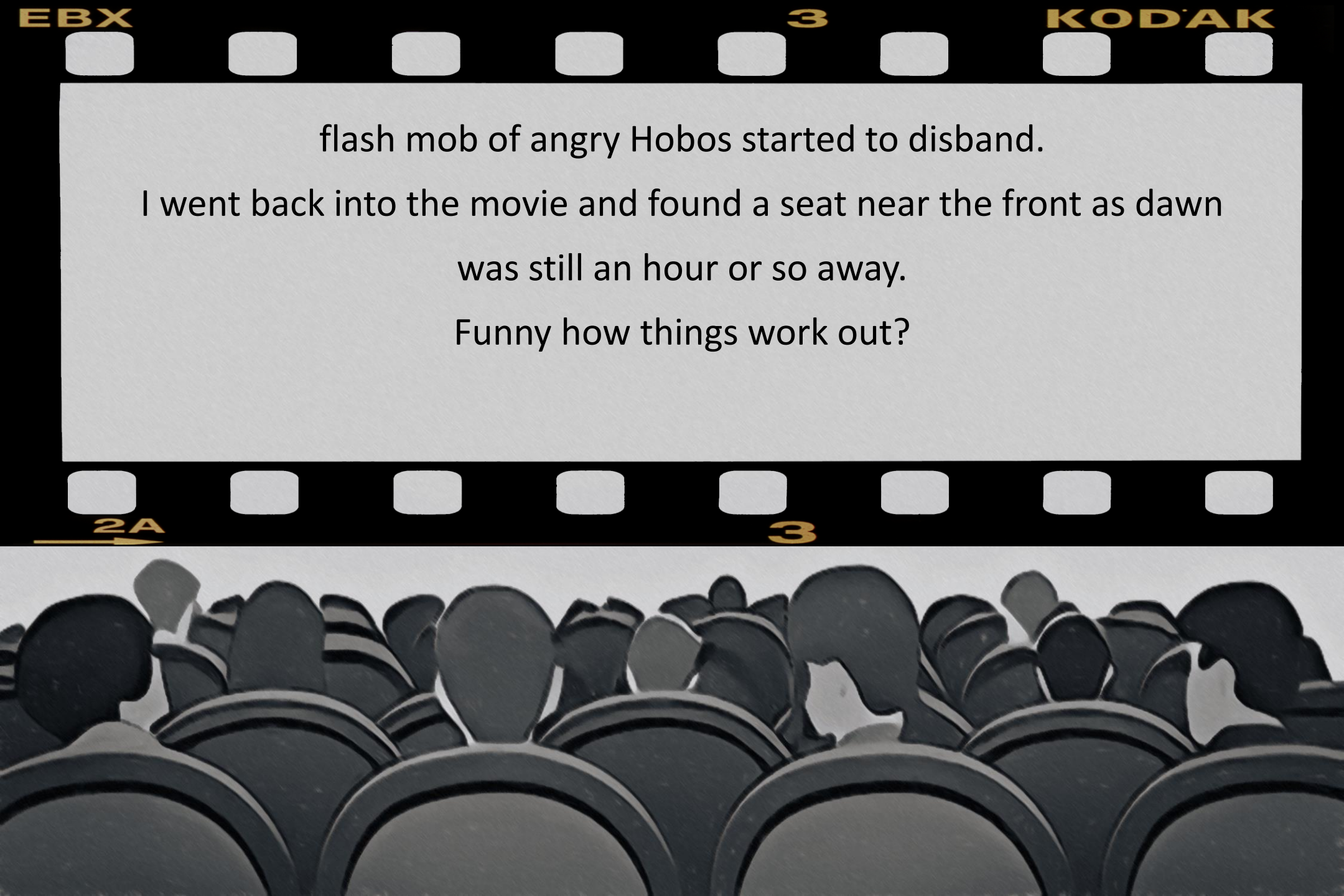




ever again while I tried to assure him that I wasn't an undercover agent with the feared Thought Police nor was I from (any) mystery school seeking a redress for his unauthorized usage of Mystery School Symbolism(s).

With that and my offer to throw in a free Coca-Cola fountain drink with the popcorn coupon; a smile returned to his face and the assembled





flash mob of angry Hobos started to disband.

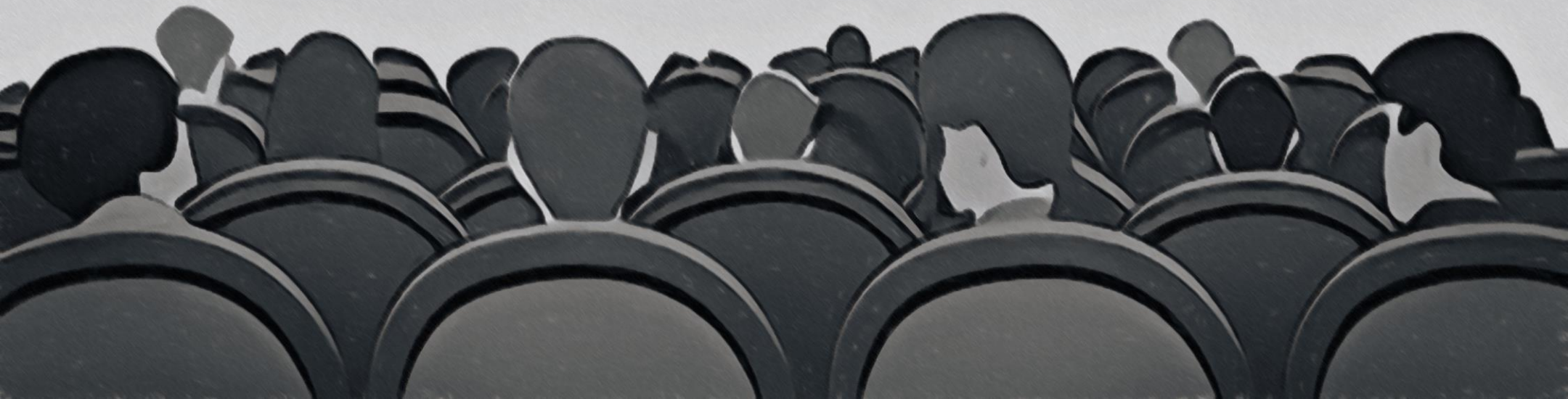
I went back into the movie and found a seat near the front as dawn
was still an hour or so away.

Funny how things work out?









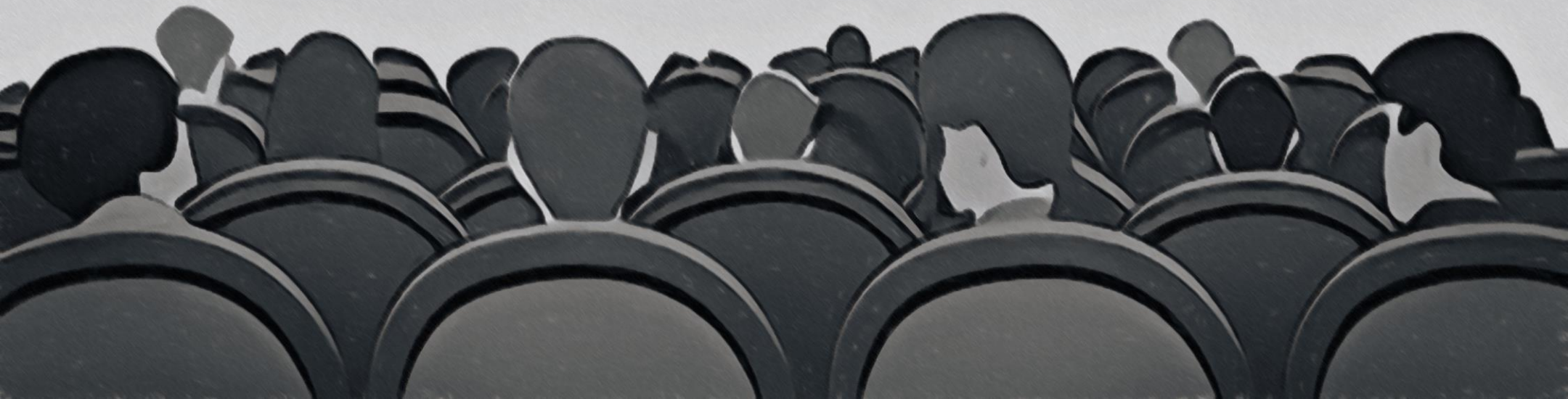






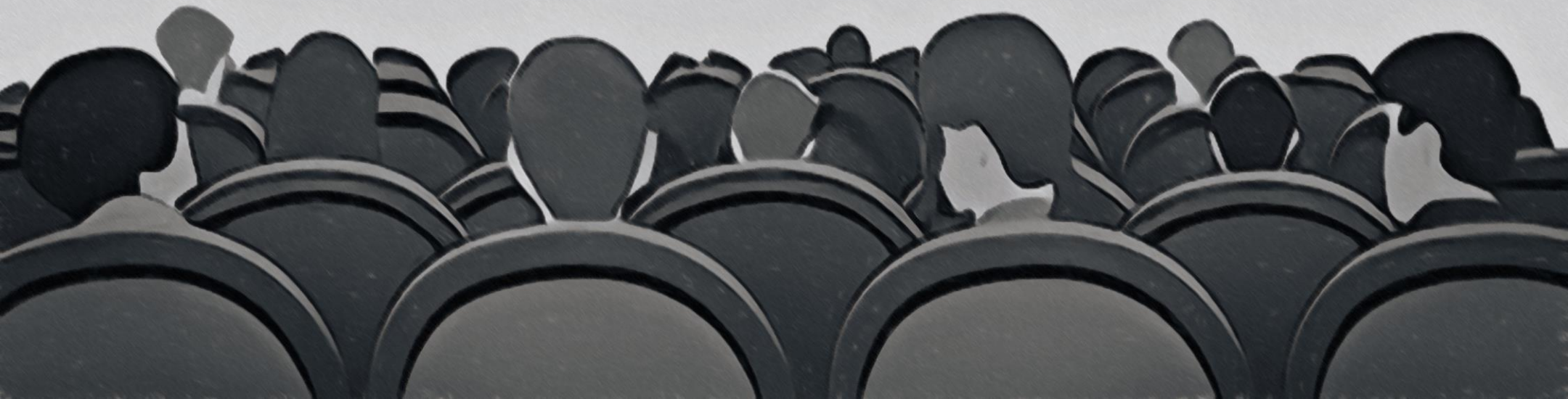


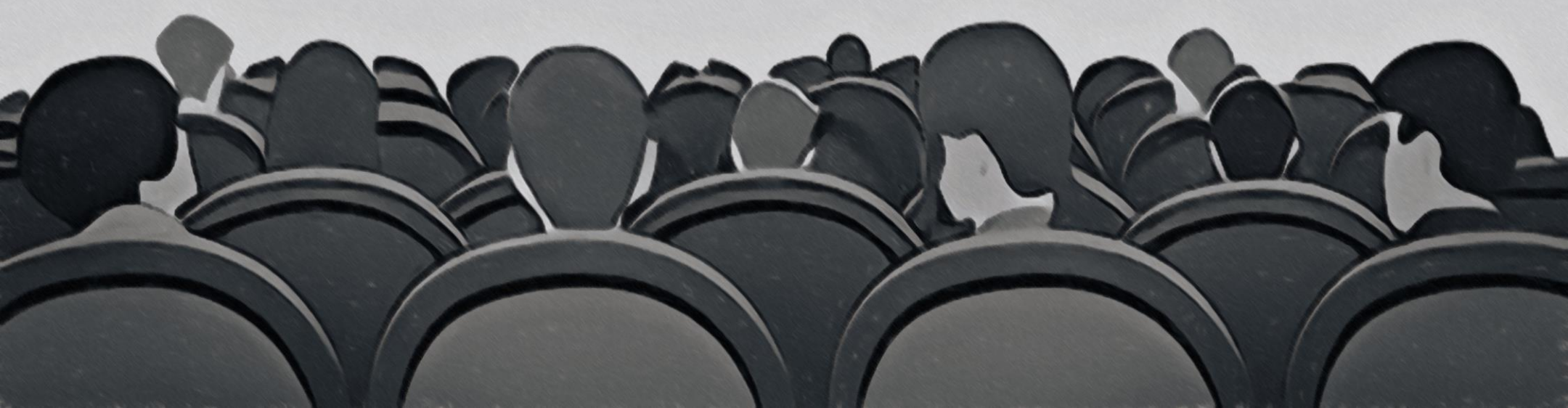








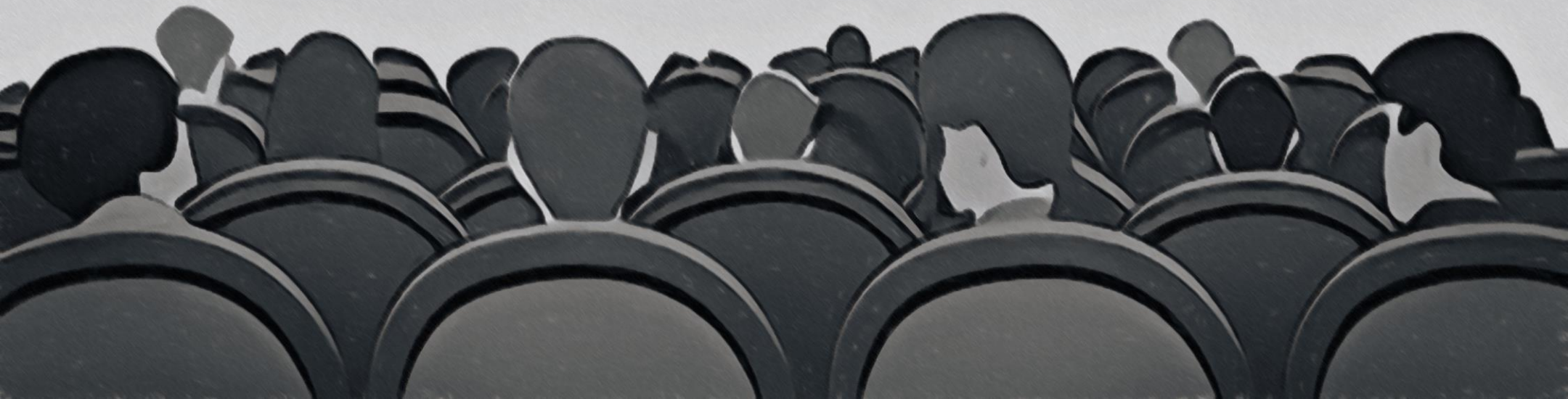








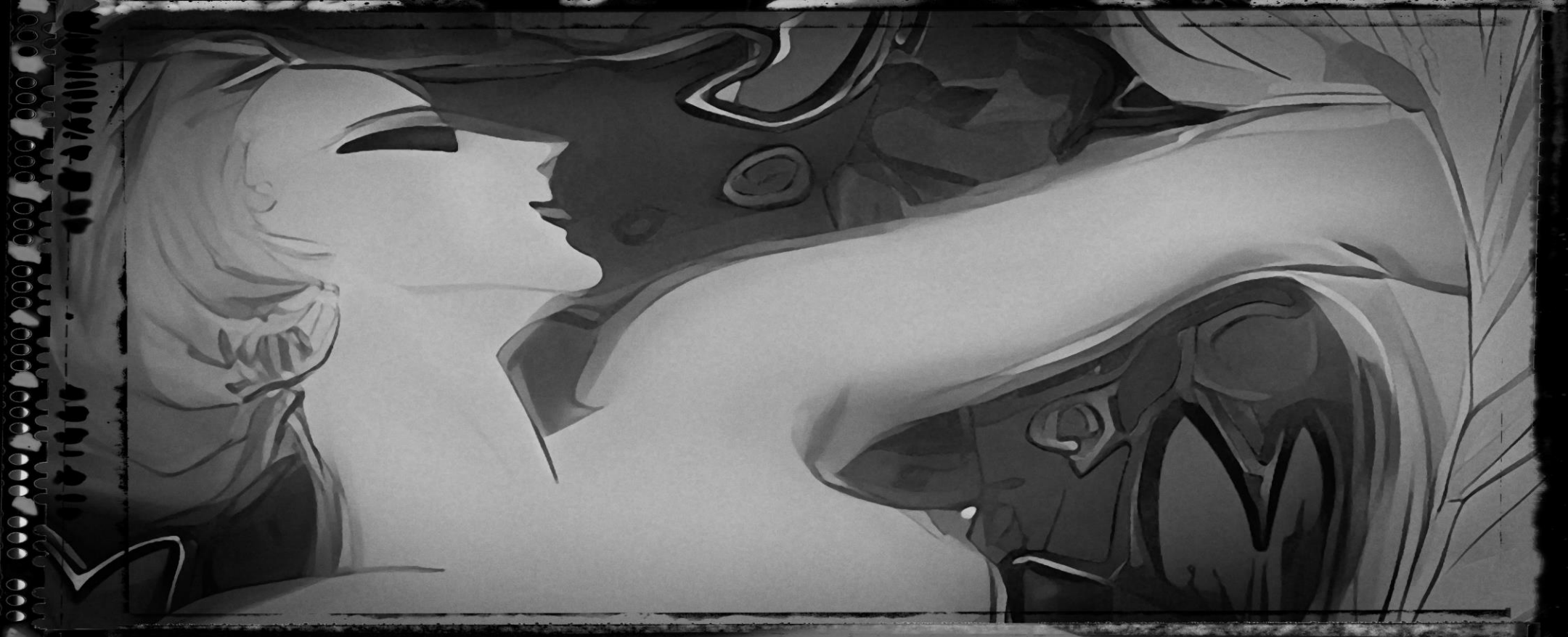


























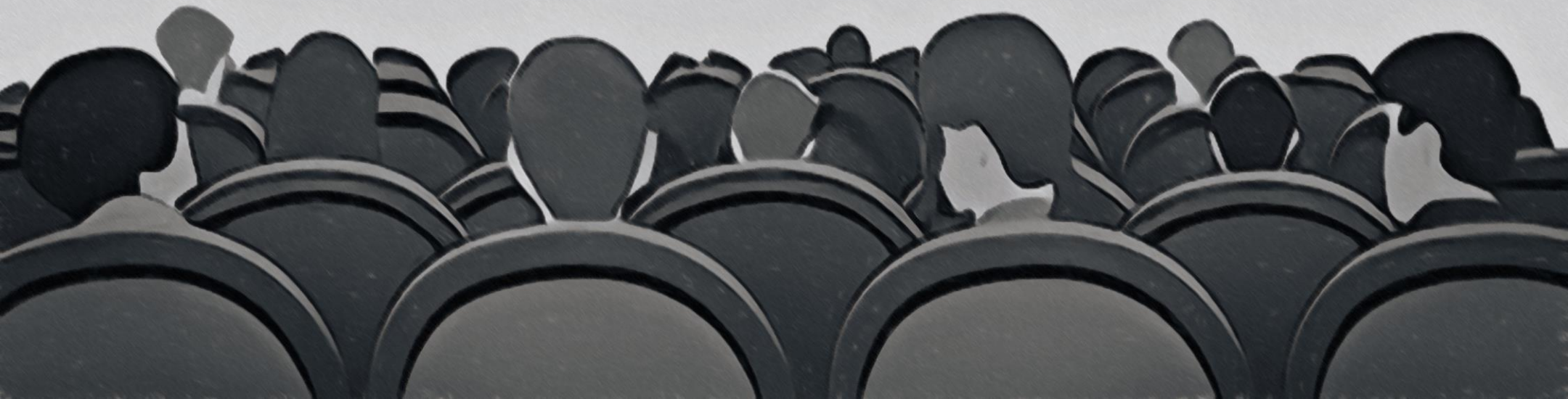








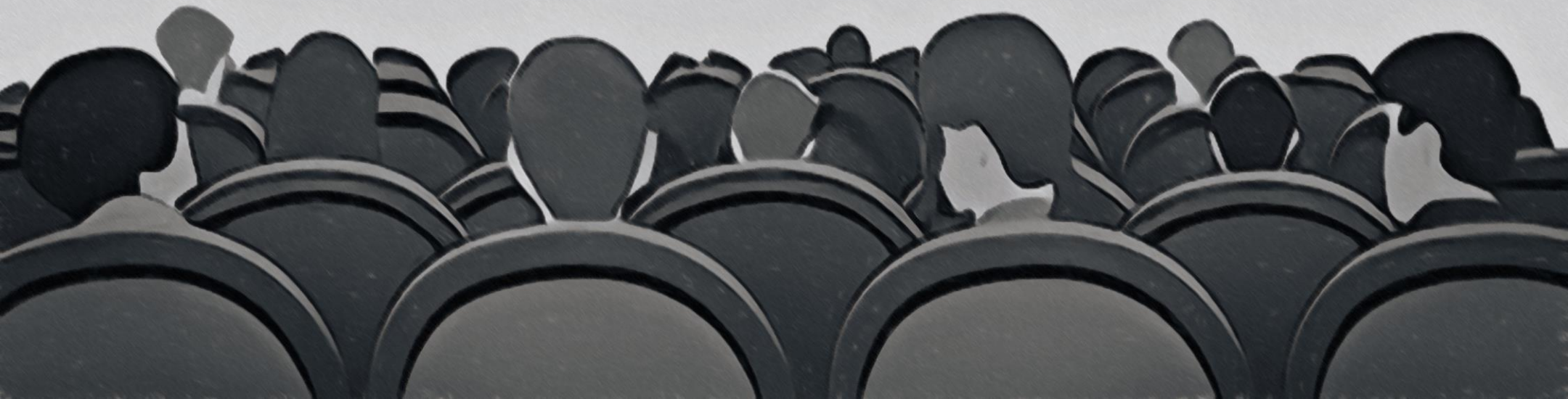




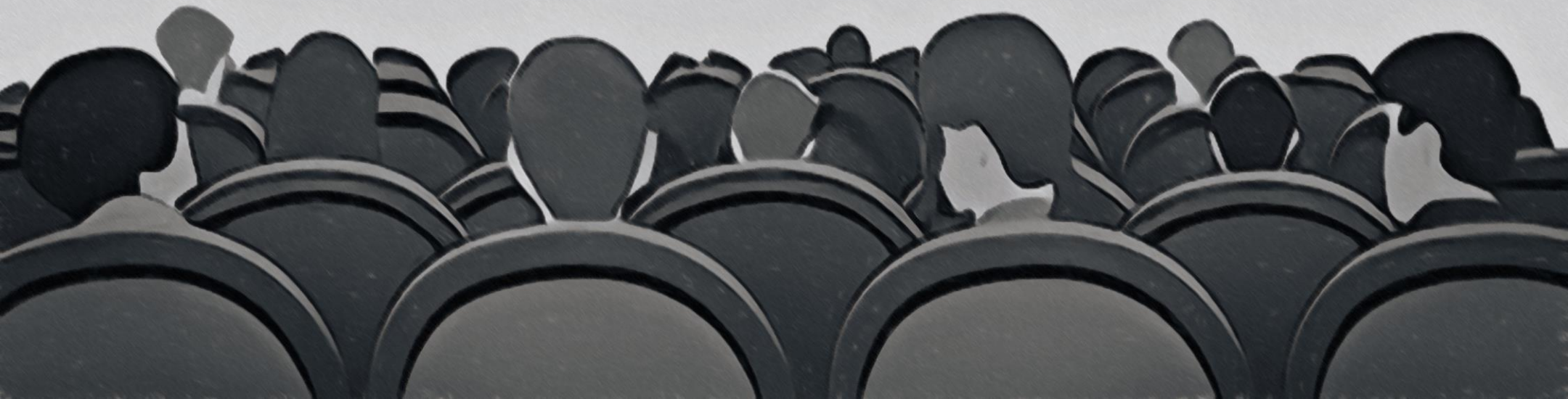












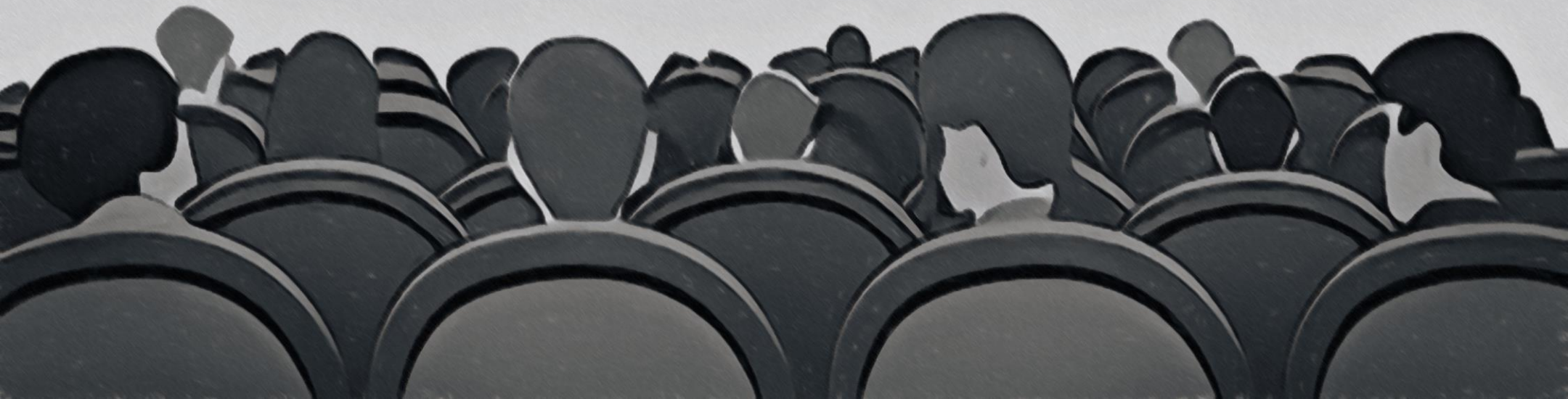














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37 mins · Butterworth · 🌐

...

No matter how hard they try...they can't beat the American-made, (home grown in an outlaw lab right outside Burbank) Emil Zombie GOF (Gain of Function) Samples...as Cousin Bruce strums the chorus of "Born in the USA..."



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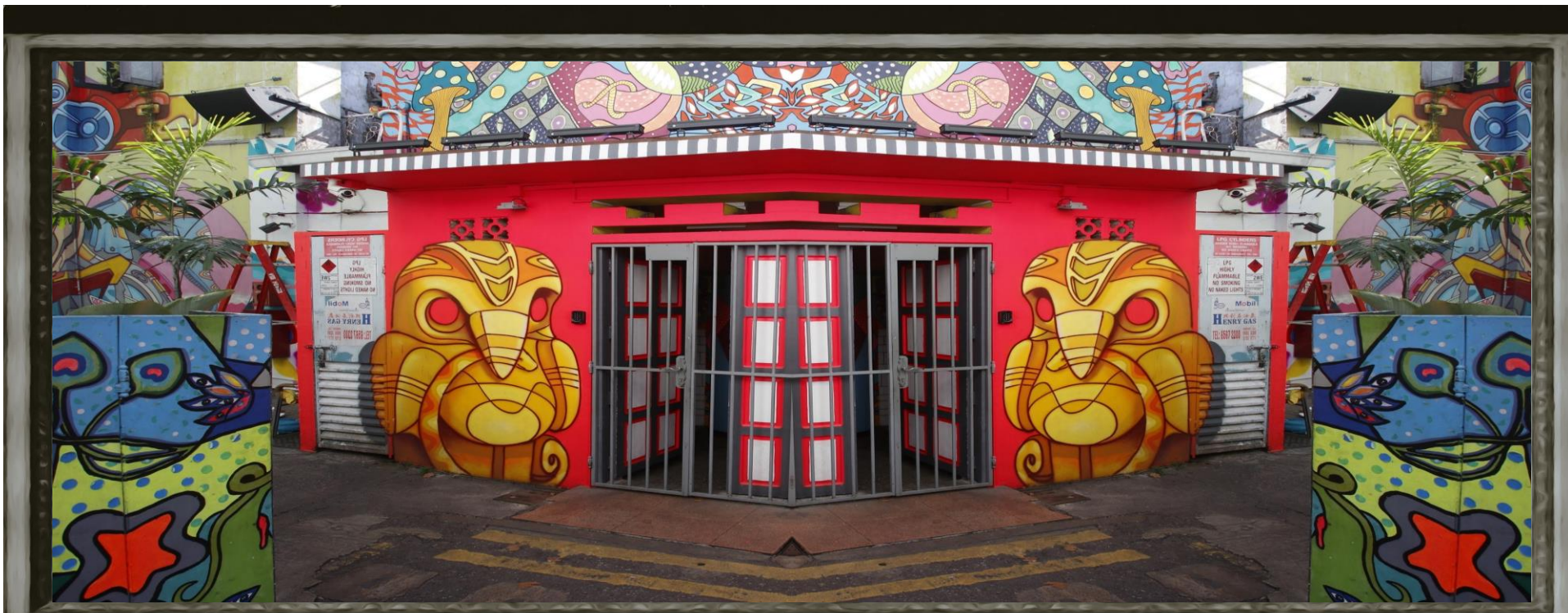
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Will be here until next Saturday with two shows per night...

Thank you, very kindly!

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**"Are You Really
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Speaking out the truths
that the Hobo Tours
have thought me...?

Well, Maybe Not!

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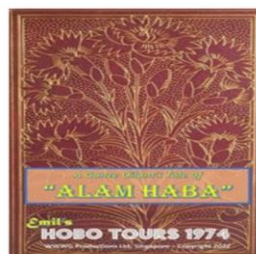
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OF ALAM HABA
by Emil West



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